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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way—Our Live Stock Interests—The Buckeye Down Binder—A Livingston County Stock Farm—Farmers' Association—The September meeting of this association convened at the farm of Henry Randolph, two and a half miles east of Paw Paw, on Friday, the 5th inst. Fourteen farms were represented by the heads of the household, besides some invited guests. The programme called for a paper on "Fencing," by Jason Woodman, but he was unfortunately detained in the Grand Traverse region by additional calls to talk to Granges and farmers' picnics, and the duty of presenting the subject devolved upon the Secretary. He considered the subject from the standpoint of the present emergency rather than from its future probabilities. He showed that it took about 800 rods of fencing to accommodate 100 acres of improved land, with the number of fields usually considered necessary for a rotation of crops. This assumed that the farm abutted one end to the road, with the whole of that fence to keep up, and half the line fence around the rest of the farm. This would take about 11,000 feet of rails, and if the average life of rails is 25 years it would take a little more than 400 new rails annually to replace those worn out. These new rails at \$50 per 1,000 laid down on the farm, would cost a little more than \$20 per year, or 25 cents per acre to keep the fence in repair. He submitted the question whether the fields on most farms could not be reduced in number and a rotation adopted to match this reduction. On his own farm of 140 acres there were 500 rods of inside fences to enclose six fields. His neighbor across the way, on a 180 acre farm had but 540 rods of inside fence with more lane, but there were but five fields. The farm of Mr. Randolph which was under inspection by the association, consisting of 95 acres, had 540 rods of inside fence, accommodating six fields. Here was as much fence as was required for the 180 acre farm before alluded to. He thought the principal question now before farmers was as to reducing the number of fields, and also those inside fences that seemed unnecessary, and repair the remainder. He presented a diagram of a farm with five fields, with a five years' rotation of wheat, corn, oats, meadow and pasture, giving three years out of the five to grass and two years to grain. The following is the plan, and has no reference to the size of the field, but simply to the number of fields into which a farm shall be fenced. It assumes that the starting point shall be a sod of two years' standing, and begins with the present year and shows each year's crop on each field, and the five years' course as it would stand at the end of that time:

Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Shorthorn Herd of W. C. Wixom.

While visiting in Oakland County the past week, looking over the stock and crops, a much needed rain detained us at Wixom, a station on the F. & P. M. Railroad, and also on the new line built by the Grand Trunk between Pontiac and Jackson. Mr. N. A. Clapp, whose articles upon the breeding and history of the Shorthorn have been one of the features of the FARMER for the past six months, was with us, and after the rain had ceased, a forenoon was passed in looking over this fine herd and criticizing the individual members. The herd was scattered in different fields, and on two farms some distance apart, to make the most of the pasturage, as the drouth had affected badly, although not so much as around Milford. The soil here is strong, and when well worked, as is the case with the land owned by Mr. Wixom, never fails to give good returns. In discussing the capabilities of the soil, Mr. Wixom said he considered his farms were worth fully fifteen dollars per acre more to-day than when he began the breeding of Shorthorns, through the larger quantities of nature they have received, and the better culture he had been able to give them. This is a part of the stock business, whether it is cattle, sheep or hogs that are kept, which the stock never get full credit for.

The first visit was made to the farm near the station, where the farmer had everything in nice shape, the stock as well as the surroundings. The bull Kirklevington Lad 2d 46393, one of the best show bulls in the State, was first out, and never did he look better than at present. He is within a few days of three years old, and we have watched his development from the time he was a few weeks old. He is now a grand animal, with a finished look about him that must delight any one who appreciates a fine animal. In front he shows a well formed head, clean, fine muzzle, flat, well formed horn, deep brisket and a smooth of bosom that gives ample room for the lungs. His shoulder is smooth and well covered, and he has a rib and back that no one can find fault with. Behind he shows deep broad quarters, good twist, his flank well let down, giving him a straight bottom line. From the coupling to the setting on of the tail he is especially good. As to his breeding, he traces back to some of the finest of the Bates family of Shorthorns. His pedigree is as follows:

KIRKLEVINGTON LAD 2d 46393—Got by Kirklevington Lad 2d 46392, out of Kirklevington Maid (2d 38), by Mariska Lad 2d 46391, out of Kirklevington 15th, by Bean of Oxford (2d 3898), out of Kirklevington 11th, by Delhi (2d 3899), out of Kirklevington 7th, by Earl of Derby (2d 3900), out of Kirklevington 4th, by Earl of Livermore (2d 3901), out of Kirklevington 1st, by Duke of Northumberland (2d 3902).

Leaving the yard the party went into the adjoining pasture to see some of the females of the herd. The cow Rosemary, second calf by her side, though not three years old, sired by Kirklevington Lad 2d, and a good one. Near her was First Rose of Wixom. (No. 23), a cow of Sharon, by Duke of Dunmore, out of 6th Mariska Rose, by 2d Duke of Crystal Spring 19436, and tracing back to the Ball and Boyden sale at Lansing. She also had a bull calf by her side, a son of Mr. Ball's Rose of Sharon bull Duke of Crow Farm 38392

for which \$1,000 was paid. This heifer is a line bred Kirklevington, was by the same sire as Kirklevington Lad 2d, while her dam was a full sister to his dam. Mr. Wixom has bred her to Kirklevington Lad 2d, to try what inbreeding will do, and we shall await the result with much interest.

Driving out a couple of miles to the other farm, we found a number of cows in pasture which have not yet come in. Here was 3d Aylesby Red Rose, five years old, by Grand Red Rose 26746, out of Aylesby Red Rose (Vol. 30), tracing back to imp. Lady Aylesby by Baron Waraby (7813), combining the rival strains of Booth and Bates, and as handsome a cow as we have seen in a long time. She is a deep red in color, very straight top and bottom, and what a back and loin! She is mated down to the hock, with no bunches of fat to mar her symmetry. She is as good through the crops and over the chine as any hereof we ever saw, and has the massive form, size, and grand style that are only to be found in the best Shorthorns. Her yearling heifer is a beauty, and she is again in calf to Kirklevington Lad 2d.

A cow belonging to the Hilpa family, Miss Wiley, red with some white, is also a fine one, good size and style, and one thought highly of by her owner. She is also in calf by Duke of Kirklevington 2d. In this field we saw the roan cow Helen Mar, by Prince of Oakshade, and the mother of the Lady Helen family in this herd. She has had nine calves, all heifers but the last, which is a bull calf by Kirklevington Lad 2d. She is a compact, square built animal, and has proved a fine investment for Mr. Wixom. In an adjoining field was a roan heifer with her first calf, of the Hilpa family, which will, if signs do not fail, prove a fine breeder. She is a great milker, and her calf, a red and white heifer by Kirklevington Lad 2d, is the choice of all the calves on this farm to our notion. And, by the way, the condition and quality of a calf is a good index of the value of its mother. In this field were a number of others, fine straight animals, about all red in color, but too numerous to refer to individually. One cow, however, deserves mention, and that is a Young Mar, purchased by Mr. Wixom from Mr. Ball. She was, if we remember rightly, a member of the prize herd at the State Fair last year, and "one of the finest." She is a rich red, with a dash of white on her right flank, a stylish animal with the substance and quality that have made the Young Marrys such favorites in our State. She is also in calf.

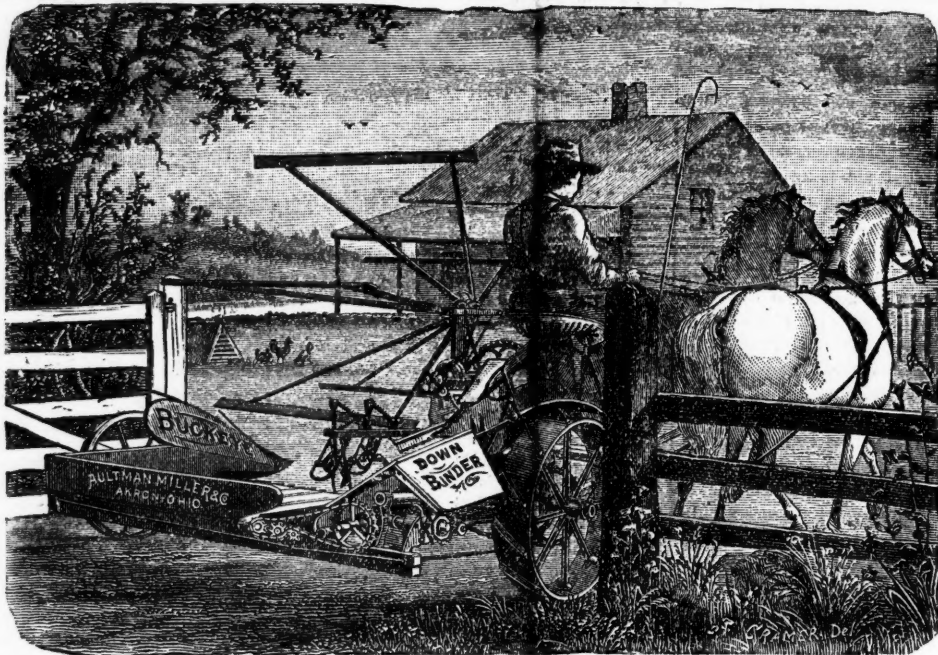
After the females in the fields had been looked over, the young bull recently purchased to be used in the herd, Hero Fourth, was led out from his stall. He is two, coming three years old, a deep red in color, and his breeding is as follows:

HERO FOURTH 48940—Red, bred by James N. Brown's Sons, Berlin, Ill., now owned by W. C. Wixom, Wixom, Mich.
Sire—Knightsley Wiley 26989, Knightsley Wiley was by Fidalgo (14243) out of Miss Wiley 14th by Royal Oxford (18774), and tracing on dam's side to imported Miss Hudson by Hermer (6145).
Dam—Hebe 3d (Vol. 14), by 17th Duke of Aldridge (6255).
2 dam—Hebe by Udon's Son 6265.
3 dam—Hopeful 2d by Son'sie's Athol 31111.
4 dam—Imported Hopeful by Baron of Albany (11151).
5 dam—Hope by Uptstet (9700).
6 dam—Hilda by Will Honeycomb (5069).
7 dam—Hebe 14th by King of Hearts (4155), and tracing thence to Hebe by Albion (1619), Lupin by Favorite (0999), and Lily by Son of Favorite (2525).

Fidalgo, the grandsire of Hero Fourth, was bred by Samuel Campbell, of the New York Mills, and got by 4th Duke of Geneva 7361, out of Fidessa by Duke of Gwynne 4730, so that on both sides he traces to not only well bred but the most fashionable tribes of the Shorthorn race. In front, he will bear comparison with any bull we know of, the only point to which exception could be taken is that his horns are a little coarse, a mark of the Aldridge blood in his veins. He is very fine in the head, with a clean muzzle, well covered shoulder, good through the heart, with a straight back, and good bottom line. His rib is hardly so well sprung as that of Kirklevington Lad 2d, and he may not equal him from the coupling back, where the latter is especially good, but it will be a mighty fine animal that excels him even in those points. He is fine boned, and has all the style of a thoroughbred horse.

In another pasture we found a number of the cows and heifers which had sought the belt of woods at the rear of the lot to escape the flies. Here we saw the red cow Helen E., of the Lady Helen family, which has always seemed to us one of the neatest and handsomest cows it has been our fortune to see. She is now a deep-bodied, broad-backed cow, smooth, symmetrical, and with the true beef-making form.

There were a number of handsome young heifers, bred on the farm, and which are to be added to the breeding stock. The cow which was the first purchase of Mr. Wixom is still in the herd, though now well advanced in years, and has a heifer calf this season. She was bred by Mr. A. S. Brooks, and has been a useful and valuable animal. On the whole we have never seen this herd in better shape, and Mr. Wixom seems determined to keep up with the procession no matter how fast the pace is. His herd is a credit to his enterprise and judgment as a breeder, as well as to the State.



HOME FROM THE HARVEST.

OUR LIVE STOCK INTERESTS.

In the earlier years of our national life, while agriculturists and political economists were considering the resources of our vast country, and speculating on its capabilities, they seemed to only regard its bread-producing capacity, and to overlook the important adjunct—meat. The broad fields that had recently been cleared of native timber, and the vast expanse of prairie land that needed only to be broken from its apathetic slumber and annually seeded to our cereals to produce abundant harvests, were looked upon as an inexhaustible mine of wealth from which we could annually draw and have the supply enlarged proportionately as the number of acres of land under cultivation could be increased. But this was an erroneous calculation. The most fertile soil, will, in time, become exhausted by constant cropping. As early as 1851 reports began to be current that in some of the western States lands under cultivation only twelve years did not yield but about half the amount they did in the beginning. This condition of our newly settled portions of country began to attract attention. When the light of truthful statistics was brought to bear on the land under cultivation, the diminution in its virgin fertility was fully demonstrated. A careful observer estimated that the damage done to every acre of land under cultivation was fully three dollars

With the fact in view that the breeding and rearing of live stock, not only as a source of profit of itself, but as a source from which material can be produced that will renovate the soil, the livestock breeders have been marching forward with success, and prosperity has crowned their efforts. The man who is indifferent to the live stock interest at the present time, certainly owes a very indifferent figure in rural affairs. To be successful at farming means to be successful at stock raising. Apart from the immense values involved in stock breeding, the vast grain growing interests are deeply involved in the production of the best varieties of live stock, and hence the greatly increased attention that should be given to this department of agriculture by every practical farmer.

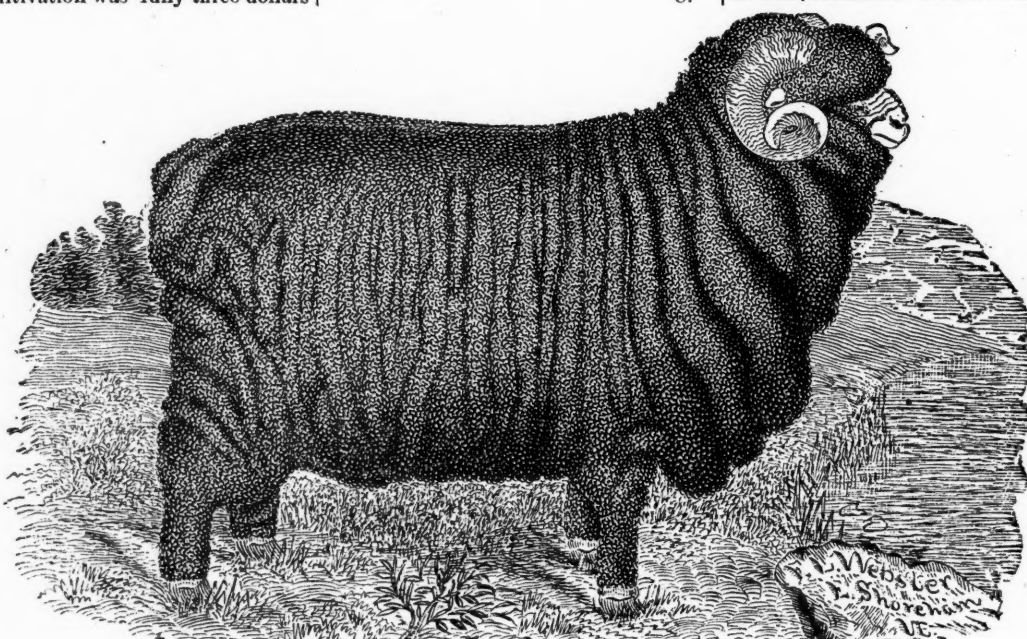
Improvement is the spirit that should be emulated by all who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The most profitable methods are not always those by which we can cultivate the greatest number of acres, but those by which we can get the greatest profits. Live stock breeding in connection with grain growing, combined with a thorough system of culture, means in the main less risks and greater profits. He who neglects this very important adjunct in farming meekly, though silently, confesses he is willing to be outdone by his more enterprising neighbors.

A LIVINGSTON COUNTY STOCK FARM.

The Merino Sheep and Shorthorn Cattle of E. J. & E. W. Hardy of Oceola Center.

The stock farm of Messrs. E. J. & E. W. Hardy is located about eight miles from Brighton and six from Howell, the county seat of Livingston County. The section is more particularly known as Oceola Center, and has long enjoyed a good reputation as a fine agricultural country, peopled by a thrifty and substantial lot of farmers. The country is rolling, the soil varied, and the wooded hills, small lakes scattered here and there, the well cultivated fields, substantial farm residences and outbuildings, give the visitor a very pleasant impression of what is one of the most favored portions of our beautiful State. The character of the soil and the lay of the land has especially adapted this county to the wants of the Merino sheep, and it early found a home here. To-day the sheep industry is recognized by its farmers as second to none in importance.

Nearly forty years ago, with nothing but sound health and willing hands, Mr. E. J. Hardy, then a young man, traced his way from Howell by blazed trees, to this country, and began to carve out a home from the unbroken wilderness that covered the one hundred and sixty acres he had purchased. How well he succeeded.



MERINO RAM E. J. & E. W. HARDY No. 1.

per acre per annum. Annually the tide of emigration was filling our vast valleys with industrious laborers who were anxious to plow that they might be rewarded by an abundant harvest. Those who had robbed the native soil of its fertility in the eastern portion of the country, when they saw the prospects for a fair remuneration for their labor waning, many times joined in the march westward. But this process of depleting the soil of its fertility and then moving west could not always last. The wave of civilization would ultimately sweep over the whole country and leave no more valleys or hill tops to be subjugated by the plow.

Many years before the tide of emigration from the east had nearly reached the base of the Rocky Mountains, where it would be met by civilization on the Pacific slope from the west, thoughtful minds were engaged in solving the problem as to how the impoverished soil might be best supplied with elements of fertility of which it had been mercilessly robbed in former years. Other countries had been treated in like manner, and through the many ages past the injunction of Holy Writ in the case of the barren fig tree, "dig about and dung it" had often been tried and proved to be the potent remedy. Manure, as afforded by animals, is the great source of fertility and renovation; and its production, depending upon the rearing, keeping and feeding of livestock, shows us the intimate connection existing between the growing of bread and meat.

THE BUCKEYE DOWN BINDER.

The accompanying illustration represents the Buckeye Down Binder passing through an ordinary farm gate. This is a new machine, and has many new features. Great interest has been felt by farmers and all interested in agriculture as to whether it would prove a success. From six to seven thousand of these binders have been successfully put through the harvest this season, and the manufacturers are so elated over their success that they have already arranged for building a largely increased number next season. Its lightness and convenience of handling, make it especially suited to hilly lands and farms of average size. It draws very light, only two horses being necessary to operate it in any extreme cases. Its portability on narrow roads, and passing through any ordinary farm gate is a marked feature. The Buckeye seems to have solved the problem of "down binders," and its decided success marks another advance in the improvement of agricultural machinery in this country.

What could farmers do without implements? and every step in advance should be greeted with the award that the Buckeye Down Binder justly deserves.

Plainwell Independent: Levi Arnold has a field of corn which for the size of its growth is certainly a curiosity. We never saw anything to equal it; the stalks over the whole field stand from ten to fifteen feet high, and the immense ears almost need a ladder to reach.

The breeding ewes in the flock of the Messrs. Hardy are nearly entirely of Stickney blood. The flock at present comprises about 100 breeding ewes, twenty yearling ewes, thirty-five rams, and sixty-one lambs. Besides these are the two stock rams being used at present. The ewes are well styled and covered, and with a few rather plain ones thrown out, will show with the best. They have been well bred, as evinced by their evenness, and their similarity in style, character of fleece, and general makeup. They are not at all in extra condition, and have not been housed at all since warm weather set in. Mr. E. W. Hardy, the active partner in the firm, says he ascribes the fine success they have had this year with lambs, and their entire freedom from disease, to this fact. Plenty of good food, not too heating in its nature, and pure air to breathe, he thinks the basis of a good healthy flock, and he intends to manage his flock in such a way as to secure these. He is justly proud of the crop of lambs raised this season, and they are certainly, taken as a whole, well grown, vigorous, and of excellent style. A few are not up to the mark, either in form or fleece, but taking the sixty odd together it would be difficult to find an equal number in any flock that will make a better show than they do.

The lot of thirty-five registered bucks, one and two years old, are held for sale, and give a purchaser an opportunity to make selections seldom offered by one breeder. Some of them would delight the sheep men of the southwest as they are big stout fellows, with a fair amount of style, well-fleeced, and would be "rustlers" on the ranches of Texas, or make their mark at the head of flocks in Michigan. Mr. Hardy is not pushing the sale of them just now, as he believes "there's a good time coming" for sheep breeders in the near future.

There are two stock rams being used in the flock at present. One of these, E. J. & E. W. Hardy No. 1, is represented on this page. His breeding is as follows:

Sire—Maximilian (285), bred by J. Q. Stickney, he by Fremont, Jr. (315), out of a ewe a direct descendant of the Stickney flock.
Dam—Eve bred by E. J. & E. W. Hardy, and sired by Little Winkly (363). Little Winkly was bred by H. B. Wright, of Shoreham, Vt., and sired by one of E. Hammond & Son's stock rams, dam a Robinson ewe. The second dam of No. 1 was a ewe bred by Edson Bush, of Shoreham, Vt., and sired by Gen. Fremont 116 Vermont Register. Gen. Fremont was a very noted ram, nine of his fleeces averaging 27 lbs. 1 cwt., and his live weight was 160 lbs.

The number of No. 1 is incorrect in the Register, as is also the breeding of his second dam. The correct pedigree and number are as given above. It will be seen by the above that No. 1 combines Atwood and Robinson blood. He was not doing well when we last saw him, but is now in good shape and his lambs are no discredit to him as a stock sheep. He is five years old. The other ram, E. J. & E. W. Hardy No. 25, is a full brother to No. 1, but a year younger. They are very similar in style and make-up, and breeders would disagree as to which really was the best of the two. Both of them have proved entirely satisfactory to their owners as stock rams.

The Messrs. Hardy have never lost faith in the future of Merino sheep, and propose keeping their flock in good shape, although the present outlook is neither brilliant or promising.

The sheep having been looked over, the Shorthorns on the farm were next inspected. The bull at the head of the herd is Lord Barrington Fourth 48617, by Lord Barrington 2d 80115, out of Kate Napier 2d (Vol. 17), by Treble Mazurka 25045, and tracing to Melissa 2d by imported Goldfinder (2066). He is not yet three years old, was bred by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, is a red roan, of large size, rather coarse, and will require a couple of years to fully develop. His breeding is good enough, and his calves, of which there are two on the farm, are good ones. He was rather thin, the flies keeping him worried, but will make a large massive animal when filled out.

In the females of the herd were two Waterloo Princesses, 1st and 2d, the former three and the latter two years old, full sisters. Their sire was Waterloo Duke 34073, dam Evangeline 3d by Bright Eyes Glover 25781. They are red in color, and very fine animals. Waterloo Princess 1st has a very nice roan heifer calf by her side by Lord Barrington Fourth 48617. Another is Evangeline 2d by Bengal Chief 21319, out of Evangeline (Vol. 7), by Mosstrooper 5025, she is a red cow, now eight years old, and is a regular breeder and very useful animal. Evangeline 3d is a half sister to Evangeline 2d, is six years old, red, sired by Bright Eyes Glover 25781, out of Evangeline (Vol. 7), as above. Evangeline 4th is also a red, sired by Bright Eyes Glover 25781, and out of Evangeline 2d as above. Evangeline 5th was by Earl of Mason 29475, and out of Evangeline 2d by Bright Eyes Glover 25781.

Two fine two year old heifers were with the cows. One, red with a little white, was by Oxford Duke 40151, out of Evangeline 5th by Earl of Mason 29475. She has been named Ruby. The other is a roan, called Vena, and out of Evangeline 4th by Bright Eyes Glover 25781.

It will be seen that the Messrs. Hardy have the foundation for a good herd of Shorthorns, and we hope to see it increased in numbers. The cattle were all

in very good condition, although the pastures were suffering from the long drouth that is telling severely against them.

The balance of the notes taken on our visit will have to be deferred for a week, owing to lack of space. We had the pleasure of meeting a number of the farmers and stock men of the neighborhood, and found them very general in their disapproval of the tariff legislation that had made wool growing a non-paying pursuit.

FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

The September meeting of this association convened at the farm of Henry Randolph, two and a half miles east of Paw Paw, on Friday, the 5th inst. Fourteen farms were represented by the heads of the household, besides some invited guests. The programme called for a paper on "Fencing," by Jason Woodman, but he was unfortunately detained in the Grand Traverse region by additional calls to talk to Granges and farmers' picnics, and the duty of presenting the subject devolved upon the Secretary. He considered the subject from the standpoint of the present emergency rather than from its future probabilities. He showed that it took about 800 rods of fencing to accommodate 100 acres of improved land, with the number of fields usually considered necessary for a rotation of crops. This assumed that the farm abutted one end to the road, with the whole of that fence to keep up, and half the line fence around the rest of the farm. This would take about 11,000 feet of rails, and if the average life of rails is 25 years it would take a little more than 400 new rails annually to replace those worn out. These new rails at \$50 per 1,000 laid down on the farm, would cost a little more than \$20 per year, or 25 cents per acre to keep the fence in repair. He submitted the question whether the fields on most farms could not be reduced in number and a rotation adopted to match this reduction. On his own farm of 140 acres there were 500 rods of inside fences to enclose six fields. His neighbor across the way, on a 180 acre farm had but 540 rods of inside fence with more lane, but there were but five fields. The farm of Mr. Randolph which was under inspection by the association, consisting of 95 acres, had 540 rods of inside fence, accommodating six fields. Here was as much fence as was required for the 180 acre farm before alluded to. He thought the principal question now before farmers was as to reducing the number of fields, and also those inside fences that seemed unnecessary, and repair the remainder. He presented a diagram of a farm with five fields, with a five years' rotation of wheat, corn, oats, meadow and pasture, giving three years out of the five to grass and two years to grain. The following is the plan, and has no reference to the size of the field, but simply to the number of fields into which a farm shall be fenced. It assumes that the starting point shall be a sod of two years' standing, and begins with the present year and shows each year's crop on each field, and the five years' course as it would stand at the end of that time:

FIELD NO. 1.

1884—Corn.
1885—Oats and Seed.
1886—Meadow.
1887—Pasture.
1888—Pasture followed by Wheat.

FIELD NO. 2.

1884—Pasture followed by Wheat.
1885—Wheat and Seed.
1886—Meadow.
1887—Meadow.
1888—Corn.

FIELD NO. 3.

1884—Meadow.
1885—Pasture.
1886—Corn.
1887—Oats and Seed.
1888—Meadow.

FIELD NO. 4.

1884—Pasture.
1885—Corn.
1886—Oats and Seed.
1887—Meadow.
1888—Pasture.

FIELD NO. 5.

1884—Oats and Seed.
1885—Meadow.
1886—Pasture and Wheat.
1887—Wheat.
1888—Meadow.

A study of the diagram will show that wheat follows wheat on old pasture, or meadow and pasture, but the succession will not occur oftener than once in about eight years on the average, and must be considered a heavy strain on the land. Wheat following wheat in this rotation leaves the land in good condition for seeding to grass, and occupies the field only for the period of one growing season. The pasture can be used until after harvest, when the field is to be turned for wheat. It will be seen that the three years including 1886 and following, will have two fields for meadow, and it will often occur in this rotation, so that much more stock can be kept than when exclusive grain growing is practiced. There will be four fields in which stock can be turned at some time during the summer, if it is thought advisable, and they will be in condition to furnish good feed, or the clover meadow can be left for seed. If farmers insist that the summer fallow is the only true preparation for wheat, and this follows corn or any other crop, there must be more fields to accommodate the farm, or some of the staple crops must be omitted from the list. Wheat following wheat is the only rotation that will permit

(Continued on eighth page.)

Horse Matters.

Startling Revelations by a Self-Confessed Horse-Poisoner.

The following reached us from St. Louis, Mo., under date of Sept. 1st, in the form of a telegram: "Detectives at the Cote d'Azur race track to-day arrested Thomas Redmond, alias Tom, a hanger-on about the stables, on a charge of poisoning R. C. Pate's horses Boatman and Ascender. Col. Hunt's cup horse, John Davis, Ed. Beardslee's Manitou, and attempting to poison Sam. Bryant's fleet two-year-old filly Lady of the Lake. The arrest caused a sensation in sporting circles, and it is rumored that several others will follow. Last Thursday evening Redmond went to Bryant's stable and asked William Whalen, one of the stable boys, if he was still attending to Lady of the Lake. The boy replied that he was and Redmond said:

"Do you want to make some money?" "Certainly," answered Whalen.

"Well, then, I'll give you \$100 if you give Lilly of the Lake the medicine in this bottle."

"I'll go you," replied Whalen, and receiving the bottle, he put it in his pocket. Instead of poisoning the filly he took the bottle to Sam Bryant, the owner, who had it analyzed. The bottle contained laudanum and other poisons, and upon ascertaining this fact Bryant swore out a warrant for Redmond's arrest. He was looked up at the Four Courts, and at first refused to say a word. The detectives worked with him, and at last he gave up the entire plot. He confessed to poisoning John Davis and Rhadama in Chicago, Boatman and Ascender at Pittsburg, Carson and three of W. T. Cassidy's thoroughbreds at Chicago. He also stated that he had bribed jockeys to dose Troubadour and Kip Murphy at Chicago, but failed. Corrikan's stable was too well watched. The poisoning was done at the instigation of a half-dozen bookmakers, whose names the authorities would not make public until they get more evidence. The scheme in this city was to dose Lady of the Lake, who was favorite Friday in the Coquet Stakes—a sweepstakes for three-year-old fillies, with \$500 added money. It was also desired to dose Belle Pate, second choice, and allow Nodaway and Rhadama, the short horses, to carry off the money. In such an event the bookmakers would reap a rich harvest. If any of the fillies won except the favorite the revenue would have been large, as Bryant's filly sold even against them all. An attempt was made to dose Manitou, the favorite in a selling race, but the bottle was turned over to Mr. Beardslee. A jockey named Swiney was ruled off the track Saturday night for pulling Bonnie Australian and allowing Virgie Hearne to win. It is said a number of horse-owners are implicated with the bookmakers in poisoning the thoroughbreds. Pate and Col. Hunt are up in arms, and want the whole matter to come out in court. The Humane Society have taken the case in hand, and Redmond's trial is set for Wednesday. Ugly rumors are still afloat regarding the present meeting, and it is evident that the racing is rotten to the core. It was said to-night that Nora M. was pulled to-day in a purse race, allowing Hatfield to take the money. Boatman and Davis are suffering, and Ascender is full of fever. The result of the publication of the above was that the public refused to patronize the track, and the meeting has been suspended.

Horses in New England.

"Horses are very much dearer than they were three years ago," said a New England owner of this kind of quadruped the other day to a Hartford reporter. "Why, you can't get anything now that is of value for less than double what you would have paid a short time ago. I tell you horseflesh is rising."

With a dull market for almost everything else, this was encouraging, because an advance of prices in one department may lead to an advance in another.

"What is the cause of this advance?" "A scarcity of horses. When the demand exceeds the supply, prices go up. That's political economy, I believe. The farmers hereabouts do not raise horses. Our supplies come from the northern States, from Canada and from the west. Western horses are very good for some uses, but they do not seem to stand our climate very well. Canadian and northern horses are preferable for some reasons. But you mustn't go away with the idea that all the horses announced as coming from Canada or the northern New England States, do actually come from that locality. There are tricks in all trades but ours, and there are several in the horse business. Nearly every consignment of northern horses has in it some specimens of western stock. These are imported from the west into northern States and fed for the market. Then they are bunched with Canadian and northern New England horses and sent down here. If a buyer is a judge of horseflesh, he can easily discriminate and select a bargain; but if he isn't he will suffer."

"Isn't there some infallible rule of judging an unsound horse?"

"No, I can't say that there is. You can detect spavins, and the heaves—sometimes—and eye troubles, and tell when the horse is foundered or has the spring-halt. Sometimes you can judge correctly if the horse has ever had the blind staggers, but not always, and the marks of old sickness are frequently obscured. No matter how excellent a judge a man is, he will sometimes get bitten. We don't know how often this is done, because the victim usually keeps his own counsel, and endeavors to pass the bad bargain along."

Horse Gossip.

Dr. N. A. PAAREN, the well-known veterinarian, says: "Hay, for horses especially, needs to be of the very best quality. Nineteen out of twenty cases of broken wind result from the effects of bad hay. But even if good hay, upon the proper or improper qualities almost depend the eventual life or death of the horse. While the effect of feeding oats

—being light thick—skinned or tallow, provided they are perfectly sweet—the result may be frustrated by increased quantity, but if hay is not nutritious, being of much greater bulk, increased quantity is merely filling the animal with what does him no good, and may do a great deal of mischief by its bulk."

The Emperor of Russia has lately started racing in the park at Peterhof, his country residence, near St. Petersburg. No pains have been taken to lay out the course, which is as hard as adamant, and full of stones, so that, although the races have been run very slow, and over short distances, half the horses have been broken down. The races are all military stakes, and the officers who ride do not wear colors, but appear in short, white jackets, so that the spectators cannot distinguish one horse from another. The officers are wretched riders, and the horses are sadly deficient in speed. The stands, which cost an enormous amount of money, are most hideous buildings.

Good health you cannot have without pure blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Farm.

Drawbacks of Sheep Herding.

On the prairie the coyote is the herder's wily enemy. He is constantly on the warpath, lives exclusively on mutton, and takes no pains to conceal the fact. If the sheep wander away from the camp at night the coyote is apt to find it out before the herder does, and at once proceeds to feast upon the fattest and always the finest in the flock. If very hungry, he will kill one and devour nearly the whole of it, summon his confederates, sail into the band, and slaughter just for fun until the murdering devils become tired and the sheep are scattered in frightened squads all over the range. The coyotes will then appear to leave that particular range, as if aware that a more vigilant watch will be kept, and will turn their attention to some neighboring band until the previous night's raid shall be in some measure forgotten.

Coyotes are certainly being killed off, either by being shot or poisoned with strychnine. The latter mode is more effective, but is attended with serious danger to the shepherd dogs, which, in spite of precaution, often hunt up the poison and eat it. I never knew a shepherd dog die a natural death. They are always dead their days by eating strychnine meant for the rascally coyotes, which often get too smart to be caught by poison. I once knew of a female coyote haunting the same range for 13 years. She reared a litter of whelps every spring during that time. Her progeny were got rid of one way or another before they became very old, but she was proof against strychnine, and too wily to be shot or trapped. I had often tried my best to get rid of the old robber, but failed.

The principal objection to herding sheep is the utter solitude connected with it. I used to hear an old seaman bewail how he had spent the best part of his life in the centre of a blue circle; nothing but the sky above and the water beneath, while all around him spread the smooth, level, unrelieved line of the distant horizon. He complained that he had buried himself on the ocean, instead of enjoying existence among his fellows, amid the variety and excitement of life upon the solid land. If he had spent his days upon the prairie herding sheep, he would always have been in the centre of a wide, lonely circle, the mute sky above, the earth beneath, and the blue, faraway mountains beyond. If he considered ship life solitude, where he was in the midst of his mates, hearing their voices and mingling in their society, how would he have felt on a silent sheep-range where his dog was his only companion; always looking wistfully toward the dim blue mountains, his mind ever reaching over their tops and far away to the distant, happy, lively homes of civilization?—*Happner, Or., Gazette.*

Early Cutting of Corn.

In reference to this subject, made the subject of experiment at the New York Experiment Station, the *Husbandman* says:

"Careful study of corn as a field crop at the New York Experiment Station seems to have justified the conclusion that cutting may be done much earlier than farmers generally suppose. It is true the experiments have not been made with field crops, but with corn growing under similar conditions with the purpose of ascertaining what might safely be practiced by farmers. It was found that corn not yet glazed, when suitably cured, had vitality so that the kernels planted would send up vigorous shoots. It is the custom of farmers to delay cutting until the grain is fully glazed, even hardened to a degree of ripeness that needs only moderate drying to make the corn fit for grinding. Now, if it be true that corn cut in the early stages of glazing will make perfect grain, and this seems to be the deduction, it will be advantageous to cut early, in seasons when there is late ripening so that frost is likely to injure the crop. Last year the corn crop in this State, Pennsylvania, and the western States was seriously damaged by a frost that occurred the 8th of September. It seems now reasonable to suppose that if corn had been cut, throughout all the district where injury was sustained, the day before the frost, the crop would have been saved with no material damage."

"Of course it will not be understood that we advise extremely early cutting because data are not yet supplied to such full extent as to make it absolutely certain that corn in the preliminary stages of glazing will mature perfectly. Such, however, is the reasonable supposition, and it is supported by the further proofs the practice will be found of great advantage to agriculture. We advise farmers to cut small pieces this year when the kernels are not more than half glazed. There is small risk in putting up the crop from half an acre, for in any event possible loss that might occur from this early cutting can be easily borne, whereas if it be found that corn cut at this stage does mature perfectly it will be worth knowing that early cutting may become the

practice. In this valley corn suffered to the extent of thousands of dollars last year, and it now seems that every dollar of this waste was needless. By cutting small lots early, farmers will assist greatly in reaching conclusions and the service will be appreciated at the Experiment Station, where every effort is made to ascertain facts in the growth, cultivation, ripening and harvesting of crops, the only purpose being to benefit agriculture through increase of knowledge."

A Cheap Cellar for Storing Roots.

W. D. Boynton, in the *Indiana Farmer*, describes a convenient and cheap cellar for storing root crops, as follows:

"Owing to the low situation of the barn and other reasons, it is not always possible or convenient to have the cellar under the barn. In such cases a cellar or frost-proof storing room built mainly above ground after the following description, will be found both cheap and satisfactory:

"If the ground is high enough, dig down three feet the size desired; 12x20 feet makes a good large cellar, and 10x12 feet will do for 600 or 800 bushels. Get on hand a lot of small logs or poles from six to ten inches in diameter, with which to build the portion above ground. Cut the poles for each side three feet longer than the width or length of the excavation. Place the first two poles on flat stones or blocks back a foot from the edge of the hole dug, and upon opposite sides. Flat the ends with the axe and lay two cross poles as you would in starting a log house. In these end pieces one foot from the end cut notches for the next side poles to lie in. With each round, set the side poles in a foot, which will give a regular slant to the roof, and make a very strong frame for the weight that is to come upon it. The end that is to contain the door should be carried up straight, while the other may be slanted up the same as the sides."

"Cover this frame with cull or common lumber, laying the boards on up and down. Next put on a heavy layer of marsh hay or straw to keep the dirt from coming in contact with and rotting the lumber. Over this put a foot of earth, and if they can be had without too much trouble, a covering of sods. A shute should provide for filling the house, and a small ventilating flue for winter. The end where the door is located should be double boarded and filled in between with sawdust or cut straw. There should also be a double door, although I have used such a cellar with only a single door, without having the roots frozen."

"A storing house of this kind, if well made, will last eight or ten years, and give as good satisfaction as one costing \$200."

The Wheat Straw Worm.

A comparatively new enemy of the wheat plant is the wheat straw worm. This pest has been especially troublesome to winter wheat in Illinois and the Southern States. An infested field will sometimes ripen the earliest heads, but these prove short and are imperfectly filled with light kernels; again the plant will be shortened and stunted throughout. The farmer seeks in vain for a cause, but detects no enemy. The Illinois State Entomologist, Prof. Forbes, has come to the assistance of the farmers with a description of the appearance and habits of the wheat straw worm. He also makes suggestions for destroying the pest.

When there is occasion to believe this enemy is at work, split the straw carefully and there will be found in an infested plant, a minute, pale yellow, footless grub, a few inches above the root but within the stem, the cavity of which has enlarged by eating away the inner surface. It is about one-fifth of an inch long and has a distinct head.

These larvae as a rule are situated so low in the stem that they are left in the stubble when the grain is harvested. Here they remain during the winter, emerging in the early spring as small, shining insects. These insects deposit the eggs for the new generation of that year.

As the greater part of the larvae remain in the stubble and continue here at least until midwinter, the remedy proposed is burning the stubble. The pests carried away in the straw, it is believed, will be mostly killed by freezing, but if there remains any doubt it may be settled by burning the remnants of straw stalks remaining in the spring.—*N. Y. Works.*

Price of Beef Cattle.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says in regard to the profits of cattle feeding, as compared with grain raising:

"It is one of the puzzling problems of the agricultural situation, that cattle, and especially fat cattle, should command such high prices while grain and hay are so comparatively cheap. The best export steers sell in Chicago for seven cents, live weight, and the best off grass figure about equal to the same class of stock now prevailing in the middle of Continental Europe, a large landed proprietor from Berlin, Prussia, whom I met yesterday, Hen. Gustav Newhaus, being responsible for the statement. Hay in Central Illinois now sells for \$6 per ton for good to \$8 for poor; the market for new oats is not above 20c; wheat sells from 45 to 65c. (none grades No. 2); old corn is worth 50c., and new is not likely to be worth more than 20 to 25c. for 80 pounds in the ear. We have been told again and again (but that was some time ago) that the days of dear meat were gone forever; that the enormous extensions of the cattle ranches of the west, southwest and northwest, would so much increase cattle and cheapen beef, that the corn and cattle counties would be able to abandon breeding, but the result is as we see. At present we are warned of the near approach of the time when grain will fall in price even lower than it is now, in consequence of the vast increase of production in the northwest. I, for one, am not disposed to accept these conclusions, believing that in that we shall see, before many years, corn in the corn and cattle counties, and wheat within the winter wheat zone advance in price in a ratio similar to cattle prices during the last ten years."

"The explanation offered of the steady rise in the price of cattle, in spite of the

enormous increase in the number and area of the western ranches is, that though cattle are bred and fed on a vastly larger scale, and the supply of beef enlarged accordingly, population and consumption at home and the foreign demand increase in greater ratio, with the result of a large advance in prices. In the case of the future grain supply, if the area of corn and wheat land is limitless, and both can be grown on old northwest land as well as new, then the era of dear grain is far off. But if the spring wheat lands of the far northwest repeat the history of similar lands in northern Illinois and all Wisconsin, and if, after all, they are found to be (as they truly are) quite limited, then, within a time not remote, the black soil corn and cattle counties of all the prairie States will be able to sell their corn, and the narrow region of the winter wheat zone its wheat, at prices corresponding to 7c. for export cattle, and 6c. for the best grass-fed, because by that time the consumption of the cereals will have overtaken and passed production."

Agricultural Items.

The high price of corn and the low price of cane sugar have effectually closed the glucose mills, for the present, at least.

A NEW horse-shoe, introduced at Lyons, France, and made entirely of sheep's horn, is reported as being adapted to horses which do not possess a steady foot on pavements.

It is a waste of manure to spread it too thinly. Better manure five acres well and get 150 bushels of wheat, than spread the same manure over ten acres and get 120 bushels.

GRAZERS of age and reputation stand by the old belief that there is nothing like blue grass for putting on fat and flesh, and say that it is the new men—those who are disposed to reject old ideas—who are advocates of clover, and sow it on a pretty extensive scale.

PROF. BEAL says timothy must be mowed rather high and not very early, or else the bulb near the ground will be destroyed or injured, and with this the whole plant is likely to be lost. It is hardly suited for pasture at any time, especially for horses, sheep and swine, as they bite close to the ground.

"CANADA Crystal Seed Buckwheat" is being sold in New York on very much the same plan as the Bohemian Oats swindle, worked so successfully in several counties in this State recently. We caution farmers in advance, as the course of fraud, like that of the "Star of Empire," generally seems to be westward.

A WRITER in the *Indiana Farmer* charges the deficiency of the wheat crop more to the fault and slovenly methods of culture in vogue among careless farmers, than to the unfavorable summers and severe winters, and says farmers are too easily satisfied with getting their wheat in in any fashion, so it is only put in.

The *New York Times* says that no other crop is so influenced by the variations of the soil as the grass crop. The mineralogical character of the soil, its moisture and mechanical condition are all important elements which control the growth of different species. This teaches farmers the importance of ascertaining the species best suited to their soils, and making the most of it.

It is noticeable that most of the large yields of wheat reported, those from 35 to 40 bushels per acre, come from a small acreage, mostly from fields of from five to eight acres. The secret of the yield lies in the extra culture and manure given these comparatively small areas, by which they are made to produce large crops. The moral is plain, to work no more land than can be made to give the best results.

AN Indiana farmer proposes to have county fairs encourage the growth of the best varieties of grains and vegetables in the following fashion: Let the fair managers offer a premium of say \$25 for the best 30 bushels of wheat, the same to be the property of the agricultural society holding the fair. Then let the society offer this wheat for sale as seed in small quantities, at a price sufficient to cover the cost of the premium. By this plan the society, while adding nothing to its expenses, would assist in distributing a superior article of seed among the best farmers of the county. If the plan were pursued for a term of years with all the grains, grasses, vegetables and fruits, it can readily be seen that there would be a great improvement in the products of that region of country.

Our Western people are liable to be laid low by malarial fever when breaking up new lands. The folks in the East are also complaining of fevers, chills and agues, arising from decaying vegetable matter and imperfect drainage. For either East or West the best remedy is Ayer's Ague Cure.

The Poultry Yard.

Poultry Lice.

The *New England Farmer* says: "It is very necessary to the comfort and welfare of poultry at this season of the year, that their roosting places are not allowed to become infested with lice. Lice breed fast in warm weather, and before one is aware of it a building where hens roost may be literally over-run by them. There are two kinds of lice that trouble hens and chickens, besides several others which live upon the bodies of other fowls and birds. The large lice which are found upon the bodies of hens and chickens both day and night, are not apt to be very troublesome to mature fowls that are in good condition, for healthy hens keep themselves tolerably clean of them by frequent dusting of their feathers in dry earth. Lice cannot live long in grease or in dust that closes up their breathing holes, and a hen that is fat and wallows smartly in dust baths, is usually pretty clean from this kind of louse. Young chickens are worse. They are often attacked the day they are hatched, by great lice, which anchor themselves by sucking beaks to the heads of the helpless little chicks, and suck their life away. Thousands of pale looking, bloodless chickens die every year from the effects of these troublesome vermin. Another louse, much smaller than the above, lives in cracks in the roosting poles and in crevices of the woodwork of hen houses. They usually work only at night. After fowls go to their roosts and get settled down for the night, these little

"mites," as they are often called, crawl out from their seclusion and find their way up amongst the feathers of the hen's bodies and regale themselves on their blood. When full almost to splitting open, they retire again to their hiding places to enjoy their digestion, and to increase the number in their colonies. In early morning these little red lice may be found on the under sides of roosts in any protected place by the hundred or thousand, in piles one above the other like bees on a hive. After fasting for a number of days they lose their red color and are much smaller. They may be seen in the evening in any infested hen roost, by carrying in a good light and taking up a fowl and poking the feathers of the thigh backwards. The feathers often appear full of them. This kind of louse is very troublesome to hens that are sitting in old wooden hen houses or in houses with laying boxes that are built to the house. We have known many hens to be driven to forsake their nests before hatching, and good sitters not unfrequently get so reduced in vitality as to die on the nest."

"When a house becomes badly infested, it is well to fumigate with burning sulphur, shutting all doors and windows tightly when the hens are outside. Painting the roosts with kerosene oil will kill every insect that is touched by the oil. Whitewash upon all the woodwork is a partial protection against lice. If frequent enough and thorough, it would be perfect. Hot water forced through the house by a force pump or garden syringe will kill what it touches. Sulphur dusted into the feathers of fowls, old and young, is a pretty safe remedy and fairly effectual. Nest boxes should be movable so they can be taken out to the weather and changed for clean ones as often as necessary."

Facts about Hens.

A man in Union City learning that a claim had been put in against an estate for seven hens and their use and interest for twenty years, figures it out thusly:

"We start with seven hens; a hen will lay about 100 eggs per year. Well, I say, we will sell 100 eggs from each hen every year, the balance are for increase and to pay for feed. The increase I put at six chickens to a hen per year. I sell two-thirds of the increase every year, then I allow one-fifth with which we begin the year to die off. With that arrangement it will work in theory. I think on actual test that it would go still higher—that is, it could be made to pay better than this estimate. I estimated to sell eggs at 12 cents per dozen and spring chickens at 15 cents. Don't smile, but I find that at the expiration of the 20 years, I have with interest these figures—read them: \$4,000,393,426 71—more than the debt of the United States."

I find that there have been 340,305,574,000 eggs sold and 14,412,188,886 chickens hatched." He closes by saying, "Maj. Easton to call and examine his figures."—*Coldwater Republican.*

Neuralgia has very properly been called "the twin sister" of Rheumatism. Both are equally painful, alike stubborn, and results of the same causes. *ATHELOPHORS* proves that both yield to the same treatment. Says Mr. J. E. Reed, of Los Angeles, Cal.: "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I found this great remedy, *ATHELOPHORS*. I had a violent pain in my face and took the remedy according to directions. Before I finished the first bottle the pain was gone and has never returned."

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THE COMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM!

Is undoubtedly the most valuable and reliable Veterinary Remedy ever discovered. It has superseded the Actual Caustery or hot iron; produces more than four times the effect of a blister; takes the place of all liniments, and is the safest application ever used, as it is impossible to produce a scar or bluish with it. It is a powerful, active, reliable and safe remedy that can be manipulated at will for severe or mild effects. Thousands of the best Veterinarians and Horsemen of this country testify to its many wonderful cures and its great practical value. It is also the most economical remedy in use, as one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin cure mixture ever made. Price \$1.50. Sold by druggists, or sent, charges paid, by LAWRENCE, WILLIAMS & CO., Sole Importers and Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio. None genuine without it has our signature on the label.

Milk Fever in Cows.

PROF. R. JENNINGS & SON'S BOVINE PANACEA

The only sure cure for Milk Fever in cows. It is also a Panacea for all diseases of a febrile character in cattle, when given as directed. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00 per package; 50 doses.

PROF. R. JENNINGS' E-vinco Liniment,

The champion Embrocator for Man and Beast. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents. Prepared only by PROF. ROBT. JENNINGS, Veterinary Surgeon, 301 First St., Detroit, Mich.

These Cattle are guaranteed to be the best in the world. Any one wishing a Cattle in the world before buying, and if it does not prove to be superior in any way, it may be returned. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or no sale. Please send for our illustrated circular before you buy a Cattle.

Our new and valuable book on "Ensilage and Silos" is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon application. Mention MICHIGAN FARMER.

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Can be opened and shut without alighting from vehicle or road. So light and well balanced, a child can open or shut any size gate with ease. Durable, noiseless, splendid for deep snow. Neatly painted, portable, not set in any frame, can be moved anywhere. Send stamp for price list and catalogue. Territory for sale. Farm visits with cross and other notices for making and setting up. Send for circular. "THE BEST GATE FOR SALE BY THE EAST GROUND MILL AND LUMBER CO. CHICAGO OFFICE—717 LA SALLE ST. S.W. 100,000,000

2806 Lbs. Wgt. of two OHIO IMPROVED CHESTER HOGS. Send for description of this famous breed. Also Fowls, L. B. SILVER, Cleveland, O. S.W. 100,000,000

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Valley Seed Wheat. Another year has proven that the Valley Wheat is superior to any other kind of wheat. It is harder; yields more; is free from rust or blight. It stands up well; is a hard, heavy wheat; of excellent milling quality. For the highest price, it is in the market. So that it is a valuable asset to the farmer. Pure clean seed \$1.50 per bushel on board cars. No extra charges for bags. A. P. CODDINGTON, Tecumseh, Mich. S.W. 100,000,000

FARMS FOR SALE. The Finest List of farms for sale ever issued in Michigan. Contains over 120 descriptions, with marginal red line notes giving number of acres and price to each description, making a ready reference. The last page contains descriptions of Detroit City property for sale. For Free distribution by GEO. W. SNOVER, 103 Griswold St., Detroit. S.W. 100,000,000

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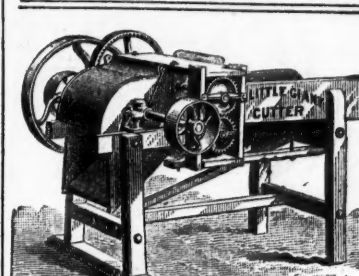
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DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1884.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 9,560 bu., against 13,219 bu. the previous week, and 18,183 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 4,914 bu. The visible supply in the country on August 30, amounted to 4,491,012 bu. against 4,217,887 bu. the previous week, and 11,337,814 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 273,135 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 253,126 bu., against 176,839 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 2,914,878 bu., against 8,707,517 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 15,394 bu., against 16,491 bu. last week, and 18,549 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. The movement in corn is largely confined to local requirements here, but little being done in shipping, and nothing going eastward. Values are unchanged, and No. 2 is selling at 54 1/2c per bu., and rejected at 52 1/2c. On the street prices from farmers' wagons range from 50 to 54c. The market though quiet is very firm, and a slight increase in the demand would probably start prices upward. At Chicago a "corner" is in progress, and those who have sold ahead at low prices are being squeezed. The result is an excited and unsettled market, with values much higher than a week ago. Cash corn is most in demand, and is picked up eagerly whenever offered. No. 3 spot is quoted there at 56 1/2c per bu. In futures September delivery is quoted at 56 1/2c, October at 56 1/2c, and November at 56 1/2c per bu. At Toledo corn is strong at 57c per bu. for No. 3, 56 1/2c for September and 54 1/2c for October delivery. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted at 55 1/2d. per cental for new mixed, and 55 1/2d. for old do., a decline of 1/2d on new, and no change on old mixed. A much needed rain began on Sunday last, and if it extended over the State would be of the greatest service to the growing corn, which has suffered severely from drought as well as from the worms. The latter are doing much damage in Oakland and Livingston Counties.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 38,790 bu. against 60,992 bu. the previous week, and 56,232 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were 22,143 bu. The visible supply of this grain on August 30 was 2,590,933 bu., against 2,363,737 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 72,816 bu., against 75,393 bu. the previous week, and 93,056 bu. at the same date last year. The exports for Europe the past week were nothing, and for the last eight weeks were 502,117 bu., against 75,702 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1883. Receipts are fair, and the trade quiet and steady. Values are at about the same range as a week ago, No. 2 white being quoted at 30c, light mixed at 28 1/2c, No. 2 mixed at 26 1/2c, and No. 3 at 24c. The strength shown by corn is undoubtedly helping to sustain the price of oats. On the street farmers realize 28 1/2c per bu. for the new crop. At Chicago cash oats are a shade lower but steady at 25 1/2c per bu. for No. 2. In futures September delivery is quoted at 25 1/2c, October at 25 1/2c, and the year at 25c per bu., closing dull. The Toledo market is steady, with No. 2 spot at 27c per bu., and September delivery at same figures. The New York market closed weak, with prices, however, showing an advance over those of a week ago. Demands are moderate, and receipts fair but not large. Quotations are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 35c; No. 2 do., 33 1/2c; No. 1 do., 34c; No. 2 Chicago mixed 35c; No. 3 white, 36c; No. 2 do., 37 1/2c; No. 1 white, 44c; Western white, 35 1/2c; State white, 40 1/2c. These quotations are all for new oats.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 436,983 bu., against 380,286 bu. the previous week and 268,826 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 409,650 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 236,357 bu., against 324,576 last week, and 296,162 bu. the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on August 30 was 13,155,946 bu., against 18,021,015 the previous week, and 21,404,798 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase from the amount in sight the previous week of 184,331 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending August 30 were 3,065,331 bu., against 3,901,970 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 16,008,882 bu. against 10,525,370 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The wheat market has ruled quiet all week, with a fair demand for cash wheat and very little speculative movement. Values have moved downward, although only to a limited extent. At the close of the week the outlook was not promising for any improvement, and speculative dealings were reduced to a very low point. Yesterday the market opened weak, and under unfavorable advices from other points steadily declined, the loss being 2 1/2c on spot and futures from Saturday's closing prices. At Chicago wheat was active but weak and lower; No. 2 red sold down to 79c, and No. 3 do. to 65c per bu. At Toledo No. 2 red sold at 78c, No. 3 do. at 72c; No. 2 spot at 82c and No. 3 do. at 77c.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 20th to Sept. 8th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Aug 20	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 21	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 22	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 23	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 24	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 25	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 26	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 27	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 28	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 29	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 30	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
Sept. 1	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 2	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 3	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 4	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 5	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 6	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 7	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2
" 8	85 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2

Red wheat has declined more than white, the light receipts of the latter being the principal cause. Speculative trading is about at a standstill. On Saturday only 10,000 bushels of futures were sold.

For No. 2 red quotations on futures closed on the days named the past week as follows:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Wednesday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Thursday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Friday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Saturday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Monday	83 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2

Advices from the interior of India and Bombay say that there has been a general failure of crops for the lack of rains. Distress among the natives, consequent upon an actual and prospective lack of food supplies, is very great; according to a public dispatch the natives have been driven to desperation and suicide.

The exports of wheat, including wheat in flour, from all American ports from Sept. 1, 1883, to Sept. 1, 1884, and for the same time in previous years, were as follows:

	Wheat, bu.
1883-84	110,282,000
1882-83	131,857,000
1881-82	131,721,000
1880-81	168,000,000
1879-80	167,000,000
1878-79	160,000,000

The Ohio Agricultural report for August, made up from threshers' returns, gives the yield of that State this season as 49,000,000 bu., against an estimate in July of 35,500,000 bu. The largest crop ever raised in that State was 49,540,000 bu.

Kentucky is said to have raised 3,000,000 bu. more wheat this season than ever before, while the opinion generally prevails that the crop of California and Kansas will be much less than estimated when it is threshed out.

Wheat in Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland was harvested in fine dry condition, fit for immediate flouring, which will probably diminish the demand for foreign wheat early in the season, that has been in years past been required to mix with the usually damp home grown wheat.

H. Kains-Jackson estimates English wants for foreign wheat flour in the 1884-85 season at 115,000,000 bushels, including about 32,000,000 bushels in flour, leaving for the wheat in berry only 80,000,000 bushels as the aggregate of requirements from foreign countries.

The wheat harvest in France may be said to be completed. If the grain is not of excellent quality, it is in very dry condition and fit for immediate flouring. So far the threshing indicates a satisfactory yield. The crop is considered a good average, aggregating 297,990,000 bushels. The consumption of France annually for all purposes is placed at 329,204,000 bushels of wheat, indicating that France in 1884-85 will require to import of foreign wheat about 31,214,000 bushels.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Sept. 1	Sept. 8
Flour, extra State	10s. 9 d.	10s. 9 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.
do No. 2 white	8s. 6 d.	8s. 6 d.
do do do new	8s. 6 d.	8s. 6 d.
do Western 1884	7s. 1 d.	7s. 1 d.

that the opinion is entertained there that, between the probable large crop of the Pacific coast and a greater surplus in Germany this year, the shortage in New York State is offset in a great measure, as far as England is concerned, and the general feeling is against probable high prices. To all appearances there is therefore a degree of caution abroad similar to what prevails here. The price of advice as to general business, in fact, shows that plainly. Growers act as though prepared to hold until hops are more urgently needed, but at the moment the chances seem very much against them. Prices may be considered nominal to a great extent.

Quotations in New York yesterday were as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1884, prime to choice	23 1/2
do do do low to fair	23 1/2
N. Y. State, crop of 1883, prime to choice	23 1/2
do do do low to fair	23 1/2
Pacific coast, crop of 1883, fair to prime	23 1/2

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The receipts of butter are falling off, and a choice article of dairy is very difficult to get at present. Values are firm and higher for all good table butter, and 19c is paid for lots of that character. The average of the receipts, however, are not saleable at over 17 1/2c per lb., and ordinary repacked at 14 1/2c, according to quality. Creamery stock is scarce, and held at 23 1/2c per lb. Other markets are in much the same condition as our own. At Chicago all fine stock is held firmly, while the lower grades are under little inquiry and weak. Values are higher than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 21 1/2c; fair to choice do, 16 1/2c; fancy dairy, 16 1/2c; fair to choice dairy, 14 1/2c; fair to good do, 13 1/2c; common grades, 9 1/2c; packing stock, 7 1/2c. At New York prices are higher than a week ago for all grades of good stock, and choice is very firm at the advance. Western has also appreciated in value. State stock is quoted there as follows:

Creamery, fancy	24 1/2
Creamery, choice	23 1/2
Creamery, prime	22 1/2
Creamery, fair to good	21 1/2
Half-cream, fancy	19 1/2
Half-cream, choice	18 1/2
Half-cream, prime	17 1/2
Half-cream, fair to good	16 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	9 1/2
Welsh tubs, fair to good	15 1/2

Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	18 1/2
Western do do to prime	15 1/2
Western do do to good	14 1/2
Western dairy, fine	10 1/2
Western dairy, good	13 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary	11 1/2
Western factory, best current make	12 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	11 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	9 1/2

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says of the market:

"There has been a very good trade doing to-day in goods adapted to first class consumptive wants, and a fair response on other qualities, but the bulk of the stock is not yet moving freely. Exporters cannot be said to have withdrawn, but they are careful, and the foreign trade sellers feel more reticent to keep the general market in good form. Quotations are revised to conform to what appears general operating figures, but some lots of best stock are held slightly higher and find occasional sale."

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Aug. 30 were 510,273 lbs., against 1,317,517 lbs. the previous week, and 643,702 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 1,077,255 lbs.

Cheese is steady and firm in this market at about the rates of a week ago. The choice makes of full cream State would command 10 1/2c per lb., while second quality is quoted at 9 1/2c. Ohio cheese sells at about the same figures as Michigan. Skins are quiet at 5 1/2c. These are the figures charged by wholesale dealers. Manufacturers' prices are generally 1/2c per lb. below theirs. There is not a great deal of stock being received, and as the demand is also light it is just as well large amounts are not coming forward. The state of the pastures the past three or four weeks in Michigan, Ohio, and some of the eastern States, must shorten the flow of milk very considerably, and the better position of the markets may be ascribed largely to that fact. At Chicago full creams are quiet about the figures of a week ago, while skins are a shade higher. The demand is largely local and southern, and the latter take a good deal of the skins. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, per lb., 9 1/2c; full cream flats, 10c; slightly skimmed, 6 1/2c; common to fair skins, 3 1/2c; low grades, 1 1/2c; Young American, 1 1/2c. The New York market closed dull on Saturday, but with prices on some grades higher than a week ago. The Liverpool market has also advanced during the week. Quotations there are as follows:

State factory, full cream fancy	24 1/2
State factory, full cream choice	23 1/2
State factory, full cream prime	22 1/2
State factory, full cream fair to good	21 1/2
State factory, ordinary	19 1/2
Ohio flats, prime to choice	8 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary to good	7 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, prime to choice	3 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good	2 1/2

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says of the market:

"There is not much change in the complexion of the market to-day. The old-edge lots of stock are being taken off clean, and unexceptional quality under the tryer may be considered firm in value at 10c with some of the specials commanding a fraction more, white goods in particular showing the premium. With this explanation regarding extreme rates we do not feel justified in quoting above 10c as an established figure representing the average top. On other grades matters appear a little uncertain, but there is some pretty nice stock that on a quick, general market would pass as fair to well, and above 9c, and on all of goods the feeling is somewhat slack. In fact, it is simply a market of quality on which a few late July goods and all the August dates of quality have been taken off well, while everything else seems to have been compelled to take the chances and found rather poor chances at that."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 50s. 6d. per cwt., an advance of 1s. 6d. from the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 53,807 boxes against 53,738 boxes the previous week, and 102,171 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Aug. 30 foot up 5,749,189 lbs., against 10,516,570 lbs. the previous week, and 4,957,553 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 6,194,585 lbs.

Secretary of the Treasury Folger died at his home in Geneva, N. Y., on the 4th inst., of disease aggravated by overwork.

WOOL.

The eastern markets keep very steady, and on some grades are beginning to show increased firmness. Holders of Michigan X have shown much more confidence in the future of the market, and are advancing their demands. Combings wools are also in increased demand, and as there are very few lots to be had holders are very firm. The sales of wool in Boston the past week foot up 2,707,212 lbs. of domestic and 163,500 lbs. of foreign, as compared with 2,938,830 lbs. domestic and 204,400 lbs. foreign for the previous week, and 2,669,000 lbs. domestic and 305,500 lbs. foreign for the corresponding week in 1883. The receipts of wool there the past week were 15,016 bales domestic and 303 bales foreign; against 12,055 bales domestic and 1,846 bales foreign the previous week, and 10,283 bales domestic and 297 bales foreign for the corresponding week of last year. The sales of domestic washed fleeces at that market the past week included 65,000 Ohio and above at 36c; 47,500 Ohio XX and above at 35 1/2c; 53,000 Ohio Ohio X at 35 1/2c; 6,000 lbs X at 30 1/2c; 77,000 lbs Michigan X at 30 1/2c; and 48,000 lbs No. 2 fleece at 32 1/2c. The sales of combing and delaine wools comprised 1,800 lbs fine delaine at 34c; 25,000 No. 1 unwashed delaine at 24c; 18,000 No. 1 combing at 26c; 36,000 lbs medium combing at 23 1/2c; 1,900 lbs washed combing at 32c; and 1,045 lbs unwashed combing at 21 1/2c. Included in the sales of foreign wools were 161,000 lbs. Australian at 34 1/2c. Of scoured wools we note a sale of 25,000 lbs. coarse at 32c.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says of the market:

"The market presents much the same features as that of a week past though the steady firmness with which prices have been held has considerably curtailed the sales. Less long staple wools have been brought forward this year than heretofore, which explains the firmness of holders' views. The stock in the country are well cleaned up and there is comparatively little in sight at Boston. It is senseless to talk of a boom in wool but there seems a fair likelihood of some increase in business at current or slightly higher prices with the starting of the mills. Buyers find no difficulty in buying what they wish at current rates, though holders are not disposed to force sales. The sales are somewhat off this week, several of the larger houses reporting sales of too light a character to be noted."

The Philadelphia market is quoted firm, with an advance expected on desirable grades. Messrs. Coates Brothers say of that market in their circular:

"Stocks here are much reduced by the late large sales, and the feeling is now quite a firm except on dark and inferior wools. If the wool market could be considered by itself, it would be reported as in strong condition with a probability of a further advance, and especially is so largely dependent on the general state of trade and the prosperity of other branches of business, that the wool operator must consider whether the general outlook warrants any advance in values of all other merchandise, and especially of wool. Low grades of combing and fine delaines are most in request and are closely sold up. High bred Ohio is wanted but it is difficult to advance the price beyond present quotations. Colorado, New Mexican and Texas wools have been freely sold at quotations, the coarse grades being in better demand than the more greasy improved wools which must compete with the territorial deliveries."

The New York market, while not so active as that of Boston, shows the same general characteristics. The Economist says:

"The demand for the best classes of native fleece and pulled wool continues moderately active, and prices are very firm with a growing tendency toward hardening rates. Some classes of the choicest grades are in reality a little firmer, and there is a disposition on the part of strong holders not to part with their wools at present, hoping that ere the close of the year, prices will advance, as stocks become reduced. The truth is that all the leading mills producing fine goods are well employed and find no great difficulty in disposing of all goods which are well made and acceptable in style and colorings; while per contra all trashy goods made indifferently of poor stock cannot be given away hardly at profit or loss, and as consequence all low and medium low wools—like the cloths of the same sort—are dull and depressed."

Among the sales there were Ohio XX at 35c, Michigan X at 30c, New York State at 29c, quarter-blood combing at 31c, medium fleece at 30c, and unwashed fleeces at 21c.

The London wool sales close on the 17th inst. Worsteds wools have sold better than at the last series, and fine clothing has been in demand. Australian Merino has sold up to the prices of the last sale, and too high to allow importations into this country at present. Hence the stronger feeling among holders of fine wools, especially XX, which must result in an advance in values if the business does not get a further set back by the success of the free traders in the coming election.

Of interest to Sheep Breeders.

Mrs. L. P. Clark, wife of the late noted breeder, has been induced to send to Michigan her best stock ram, Luck (L. P. Clark 192), for the use of Michigan breeders. He is at the farm of Mr. Ad. Taylor, of Romeo, where he will remain until November 1st. Mr. Clark regarded this ram as the finest sheep he ever bred, and all agree that he is a good one. His breeding is as follows: Sire, Moses (495), Bred by General (310); dam L. P. Clark 37, she by Kilpatrick (71); dam L. P. Clark 31, she head of his Wrinkley Family, sired by Little Wrinkley (49), dam (Big Neck) was sired by Saxton's Thousand Dollar Ram; g. dam bred by Victor Wright. General (310) was sired by Victor Wright (189), dam L. P. Clark No. 1, or Old Favorite; she was by Hammond's Green Mountain. Her dam was by Hammond's Sweepstakes, her grand dam by Victor Wright's Black Top; her great grand dam was purchased of N. A. Saxton.

Luck's dam was L. P. Clark 5, or Woolly Head, sired by Victor (309), dam L. P. Clark 1, (see above). Victor was by Chinkhead (181), dam by Sweepstakes (32), 2nd dam bred by N. A. Saxton.

A KANSAS paper says that new corn will be on the market in a few days, and the prospects are that plenty of it can be contracted for at 20 to 25 cents.

Death of a Veteran Breeder.

The death of Abram Renick, of Kentucky, the veteran breeder of Shorthorn cattle, breaks another link that connects the past with the present. As long as 1836 his name appears as the owner of Shorthorns. He tried two or three families, but finally determined to give his whole attention to developing his famous Rose of Sharon family. He laid the foundation of this family in 1846, by the purchase of the cow Thames by Shakespeare, and her heifer calf Red Rose, by Prince Charles 2d. Under his care the Renick Roses of Sharon achieved not only a national but world wide celebrity, and English breeders competed with Americans for them. He was 83 years old at the time of his death, August 28th. He left an estate valued \$300,000.

The British Grain Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says:

"The weather has been stormy with some slight frosts during nights which have been cold. Rains would greatly benefit the stand. In English wheat values have lost their hardening tendency and the crop proving to be of unusual weight, makes the present values unequal. Sales of English wheat last week amounted to 62,574 quarters at 41 1/2d per quarter for the corresponding week last year. In the market for foreign wheat trade has lost its steadiness and values are nominal and in buyers favor. Heavy shipments to the United States show Americans to be free sellers at current rates. Imports of flour are double those for the same period last year. Off coast trade is in buyers' favor. During the week 19 cargoes arrived, 6 were sold, 8 were withdrawn, 10 remained and 13 are due. Foreign flour is dull and weak in the country at former rates. Maize is quiet. Round corn favors buyers. Barley is quiet. Oats are dull. The recent advance has been mostly lost."

BARLEY is beginning to move in Chicago, but so far no sales are reported here. Some samples have been shown, and offers of \$1.25 to \$1.30 per cental made, but we did not learn of any sales. In Chicago sales of No. 2 have been made at 66 1/2c per bu. for spot, and 48 1/2c for No. 3. Samples of good bright lots from Nebraska and Iowa were in request and firm.

Stock Notes.

LATE advices from Australia state that 16,000,000 sheep have died there the past year, owing to the drought, and that the clip will be 100,000,000 short.

The draft station recently brought into this State by Mr. James Moore, of Milford, was, by an error, reported as a Clydesdale. It is an imported Percheron and named Napier. He was imported by the Powell Bros., of Springfield, Pa.

MESSRS. TURNER & HUSON, of Lansing, recently shipped to C. S. Jones, of Kalamazoo, Mississippi, four fine Berkshire pigs, bred from imported stock, and a young imported sow, "Springdale Sally," of same breed. The lot is said to have been as fine a one as ever left the State.

MR. WM. GRAHAM, of Rochester, Oakland County, reports the sale to John Allen, Jr., of Birmingham, Mich., of the Shorthorn cow Avon Beauty, by Captain Derby 49023; dam 2d. Queen of Maple Barks, 2d Duke of Hilldale 9803, and her heifer calf sired by Victoria's Duke 47205. This calf is five months weighed 500 pounds.

On account of the prevalence of pleuropneumonia among the Jerseys of that State, the Illinois Board of Agriculture has decided to exclude the breed entirely from the State Fair grounds. The disease has appeared in other herds besides the one in which it was first discovered.

The fact is kept very quiet, but there is no doubt but that hog cholera is causing heavy losses in Illinois and Iowa. The Chicago Tribune says in a recent issue:

"Cholera hogs in considerable numbers continue to arrive at the Stock Yards. They are bought by conscienceless rascals and slaughtered for city consumption. If these diseased animals do not find their way on to the blocks of the retail butchers it is because of the vigilance of the Health Officers."

General.

Losses by fire in August were \$10,500,000. Canada is urging a complete quarantine against American cattle.

Fire at Marathon, N. Y., burned three business blocks on the 5th. Loss, \$20,000.

A vessel, name unknown, was wrecked off St. Johns, N. F., last week, and all hands lost.

The Mazepa mill company, at Rod Wing, Minn., assigned on the 5th. Liabilities \$149,000.

Nilson has engaged to sing in England and America for Col. Magnusson for \$2,400 per night.

Ten persons escaped from the jail at South Bend, Ind., on the 4th, by sawing off the bars of a ventilating window.

The wholesale millinery store of W. S. Plummer, at Toledo, was entered last week and \$4,000 worth of plumes stolen.

A Montreal firm will make 300 blouses and pairs of trousers, and 300 flannel shirts to go to Egypt with the Canadian contingent.

A birch bark canoe, to hold six men and their baggage, has been procured at Winnipeg, for the use of General Wolsey in his trip up the Nile.

The wife and daughter of John Bartlett, of Tullahoma, Tenn., who is a large and powerful, knocked his assailants down. They fired their revolvers at him, three balls taking effect, but none inflicting fatal wounds.

An attempt was made to assassinate Sitting Bull as he was leaving the opera house at St. Paul, Minn., last week. He is now constantly guarded.

Sixteen persons have died near Ashland, Pa., during the past two weeks, and twenty-four are ill of a disease caused by drinking impure water.

Spontaneous combustion of chemicals in a photography gallery at Wheeling, W. Va., set fire to the building and the entire block was burned. Loss, \$100,000.

Columbus, Miss., gives a \$50,000 bonus in bonds and property to the Mississippi female industrial college, and the institution will be located at Columbus.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is reported as contemplating the purchase of Judge Tourgee's magazine, *The Continent*. She will make it, if she takes hold of it, which is more than its present proprietor has been able to do.

Charles Hall, cashier of the New Brunswick, N. J., national bank, forgot to turn on the gas in his room and was found dead of suffocation, on the 4th. It is supposed to be the result of suicide to avoid punishment for irregularities at the bank.

The mines of the Ohio Central coal company have been ordered closed, owing to the difficulty of securing contracts for coal at the present rate of mining except at a loss.

Poetry

TO-MORROW.

"You'll come to-morrow then," light words lightly said,
Gaily she waved her little hand, gaily he bared his head.
"You'll come to-morrow then," and the man on his errand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.
The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?"
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household bound her.
"You'll come to-morrow then," and when the morning broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway accident," spoke;
A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away.
So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man.
Discounting the dim strange future while his blind eyes cannot see,
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be.
And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"
—All the Year Round.

THE UNKNOWN CONTRIBUTOR.

Yon sign your verses simply S.
(A wavy blotched curve or two):
The lines, alas! I must confess,
Are shaky, straggling, pointless too.
But when for tolerance you sue,
Yon pleading, though not wise nor witty,
Tells me that you are sweet and true,
That you are very young and pretty.
Your poems came me sad distress,
For "breeze" and "trees" go rattling through
A dreary rhythmic wilderness,
Where eyes are always "orbs of blue."
I smile a pitying smile or two,
I fear me, love will grow from pity;
I'd swear it, if I surely knew
That you are very young and pretty.
But from the creamy faintness
That mirrors your cheeks' charming hue,
A perfume breathes like a caress
Soft wafted unto me from you.
I dream of thee, alas! no dew
Does dreaming give—"I'll search the city;
It must be, though your roses are blue,
That you are very young and pretty."
L'EXVOI
Sweet maid, whose unknown loveliness
Has won from me this simple ditty,
I hope that you deserve my guess,
That you are very young and pretty.
—Domest. C. Monthly.

PARTING.

Yon saw me safely up the hill,
(The day was almost spent),
And there you told me you must go,
We parted, and you went.
But I stood still and watched the woods
Glow with the setting sun,
And gazed upon the little path
That you were winding down.
And there the spire amongst the trees,
Still in the sunlight gleamed,
But I turned down the other side,
Oh, how dark it seemed!
In dreams, how many times since then
I've parted from you so?
My heart dwells on the hilltop yet,
And gazes down below.
—Temple Bar.

Miscellaneous.

A DANGEROUS LOVE.

SCENE I.

A winter day; a cold sky full of snow dancing down in joyous vivacity, to cover, with negligent charity, the ugly little town and hide its curious air of incompleteness. The walls of adobe and stone, the incongruities of design, the irregular, uneven streets full of rock in the rough, together with hill setting of numerous abandoned prospect holes and rudimentary tunnels, gave a whimsical suggestion that Titans had left unfinished a town they had been cutting out from the earth's raw material. This was the outside aspect as seen through a pair of tall windows, with curtains stretched back to gather every ray of light from the dim, dull sky. That light, scant as it was, brought out the homeliest cheer within. The warm red of carpet and casual fittings comforted the eye. At the windows broad shelves full of plants gave the sole suggestion of luxury, barring the aromatic brilliance of a fragrant cedar tree. A room of whose possibilities the most had been made, full of the personality of its tenants—a room where a man was very apt to get a sense of repose and ministrations—chief requirements of the masculine nature.

Edward Lamb found its effects like that, leaning at ease in a homely big chair that had the knack, like all the chairs at this house, of fitting the human frame. A large, fair man, slightly inclining to stoutness, he was of that type of Irish beauty that involves wholesome, clear skin, flushed with delicate rosy, abundant blonde hair and deep blue eyes, with more sleepy tenderness than was strictly essential behind their long, thick lashes.

"I'm very fearful I'm in for another fortnight," he said; "not much chance of the roads opening while this sort of thing goes on."

Miss Soulsby left the window and came back to her low seat on the hearth, laughing. The impatience of his words was so completely at variance with the deliberation and contentment of his tone.

"Possess your soul in patience," she said. "It is only a question of days for you, and then—"

"And you?—are you coming east some day?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a certain blithe skepticism, "when we sell a mine!"

Mr. Lamb smiled at her satirical touch upon the sanguine creed of the camp.

"Ledyard was wondering what could keep me here," he said, inconsequently; "a Bohemian boy, for whom the noise and hurry of cities is as the breath of life."

Madelon Soulsby looked at him intently.

"Well," she said, a little sharply, "what has kept you?"

And yet he knew that she was perfectly aware of what kept him. Idlers both, they could hardly have counted the long, companionable afternoons they had spent together that winter. The little town was agog with the Irishman's infatuation. It would have needed more than their joint asseveration to have convinced the gossips that between these two no love-making had been.

"Yes, I ought to have gone last week," he said, ignoring her audacity, "when Ledyard went."

"Why didn't you not go?" she persisted.

The household cat had leaped upon her lap—a vicious big beast, whose claws had a wicked way of unsheathing themselves upon fondling fingers. Mr. Lamb found himself dwelling on the fact that he had never seen Dick so quiet. Miss Soulsby's careless endearments. The lazy creature laid himself luxuriously across her knees like a great, gray muff, as the girl nestled her hands on his warm fur—delicate hands those, always cold; not clammy, but cold with a firm and reticent force of their own.

Some day—who knows?—it may be made a penal offense—their exercise of this capacity some women have for indirect challenge; this tacit wooing that perhaps outweighs a man's prerogative of outspeaking.

Edward Lamb was a phlegmatic man enough ordinarily, and little given to impulses; but just now he would have bared his soul's salvation for the right to displace Dick's pardoned fur with his own handsome fair head, to feel that caressing touch press down his throbbing eyelids. To his dying day he would not forget the picture that instant photograph on the retina of his heart. For him, hereafter, no wonder of art nor revelation of living beauty could dispel the memory of the graceful, girlish shape whose quietude told of repression, not inertia; the air of absolute self-confidence and cool, impartial self disdain; the bright face, with that mocking phase of mingled wooing and warning; the grave, childish wistfulness on that rounded brow; the sweet lips just now curved in scorn; the intent, amber eyes.

Mr. Lamb averted his gaze and took up a novel from a couch in the inglenook. By the malignity of that perverse fate who misrepresents to inopportunities these crucial moments, it was a novel treating of the domestic adventures of a young journalist and the pathetic small economies of his wife. Both had read the tale; inevitably their comments must partake of sentimental coloring.

"Is it the manlier way," said Mr. Lamb, "to offer a woman such a life as that—or would one better protect her from self-sacrifice by keeping silence?"

That man is most fatuous who fancies that a woman would not make instant personal application of such a speech. An exasperating smile of discernment bent Miss Soulsby's lip.

"Men have the prerogative of committing any madness," she said; "with woman rests the veto power of self-protection against such insanity."

"Are you so worldly?"

"I may well be," said the girl, bitterly; "I have known privation all my life long—that teaches the true value of this world's goods."

Involuntarily his gaze fell straight up on her face—soft, rich gray, its outlines defined here and there by broad bands of gay Roman stripe in some velvet-looking woolen fabric.

"I cannot conceive your having known the need of money," he said; "few women are dressed like that—"

He stopped, becoming conscious how pointed was his speech.

"Few are," she asserted, laughing, "happily for themselves and the peace of their households. I see. You like my frock—men are so short-sighted—blind bats! You like it, and why? Because it is nicely proportioned, and it is true to its purpose. Do you see?" She held her drapery forward naively. "This is a frock for the house—not the sort of costume one would wear on the street. Harsh, adaptability, that is it, not elegance. The whole thing cost me—three dollars."

"What?"

"It is quite true. I paid that for the gray flannel. The bright stripe was the best portion of a worn-out shawl, and I had the buttons," with an air of triumphant conclusion.

Mr. Lamb found something very brave and very pathetic in the simplicity and detail of this confession. This endurance of vanity's mortification appeared heroic as contrasted with the lavish expenditure of other women far less lovely and worthy. But, then, men usually are willing to concede great virtue to the practicality that achieves slightly results. If Miss Soulsby's attire had been unbecoming, or if Miss Soulsby's self had been less pleasant to the eye, no doubt her exposition of ways and means might have seemed sordid and revolting in the extreme. Also, some allowance must be made for the attitude of delightful intimacy implied in confidences on a topic so nearly personal as this of toilet matters. Altogether, many things go to modify the triviality in value of discussions—between woman and man—on puerile themes.

"I thank you," said Edward Lamb, almost reverently.

"But this is all in the very worst possible taste," said Miss Soulsby, briskly; "sooth to say, I am in a huge fit of disgust—thanks, no doubt, to the weather. All this might look far more endurable for a warmer light," with a disdainful gesture, comprehending the whole room, with its cheery, make-shift decorations.

"Do you know," she went on, while the man sat speechless before her daring—or her innocence, as might be—"I have lately discovered in my nature a vein of strong sensuousness, much to my surprise; for I had fancied myself rather an ascetic person. But no! I delight in pleasant sounds, I feast on beatific odors, I revel in agreeable odors. Can anything thrill the soul like delicious scents?—the touch of grateful texture charms me!"

She put the gray cat suddenly down upon the red brick hearth, as if with it she decisively set aside poverty, economy

and all sordid and distasteful things. Leaning forward she stretched her curving hands towards the leaping flame.

"I could never be completely happy while cold," she said, "nor utterly miserable with my body clad in warmth. Oh, I do understand how people can sell love and liberty—yes, and honor—for luxury!"

Where was the reserved and maidenly companion of a moment since, with her chaste cameo face and unresponsive fingers? This was a young Lamia, full of all sensuous longing, open and uncoiled. Edward Lamb sprang to his feet, and whirling toward the fire, tore from his bosom a letter he had hidden there. All day it had burned there in his breast, full of its own admonition.

"I would have put it in her hand," he told himself between the muffled plumes of his heart, "but now there is no need. Her own speech has taught me what she feels." He dropped the letter between the cedar logs, with a very strong of passions and temptations warring with him. And yet—so speedily, so silently, are made the decisions that determine human destinies—before the curled and crackling ash flew upward, black and writhing, a strange revulsion of feeling swept over him, and he loathed himself for the sin he would have done.

He turned reluctant eyes on Madelon Soulsby, afraid and ashamed; and behold, she sat unconscious and composed as some young saint, her grave brow serious and calm, her delicate hands folded, almost as if for prayer. Had Mr. Lamb come very near making a mistake?

Does a man live who can battle with temptation and overcome it, and then abandon the field without further dalliance with evil? Is it that we like to parade our power and make show of our strength?

"What a little creature you are!" said Edward Lamb. "How tall, definitely! Stand up and let me see."

He put out his hand as if to raise her from the chair, but drew back short of her finger-tips. For his life he dared not now presume by so much as that slight touch. She stood up as simply as a child.

"What was it that Orlando said about his lady's stature?"

"Just as high as my heart!"—she barely breathed the words, yet with exquisite tenderness, inclining her head with a movement unpeakingly sweet and shy, until her cheek bent just above his throbbing heart, yet quite apart from him.

But before her hair was stirred by the sigh from his drooping lips she sprang back like a creature at bay, her brow knit in a frown, her eyes blazing indignation and reproach.

"How dare you!" she cried. "What a pitiful pretext! How ingenious! How full of courage!"

"Come in!" Miss Soulsby's sweet voice followed a knock at the door.

Mr. Lamb's associate came into the room.

"Ledyard telegraphs that the line is open now and a party is starting out. You have not a moment to spare. No one knows how long we may be shut in here, once the spring thaw sets in."

And so, before the curious scrutiny of this observer, they closed the day and bade each other but a formal adieu.

SCENE II.

Mr. Edward Lamb brought to his close a letter, sitting in the reading-room of a hotel in the city at the western seagate. Sundry influences had delayed its completion; he had but just come to the end of his transcontinental trip; a certain sense of freedom and elation was still new enough to intoxicate him, heart and brain; he could not put out of his mind his sensation, when, crossing the bay from the train, he first caught sight of the city looming ahead like some mighty monster in bronze. And an acquaintance he had made had restrained him for a time.

He was but just putting pen to paper when he was greeted by a fellow journalist, who presently introduced Mr. Lamb to a man sitting near—a man whose name stands historic in the records of the State, whose position and great wealth might have commanded the younger man's attention. Beyond these, his interest had been won by the mellow wisdom and gentle shrewdness of this quiet, kindly potentate who, as per the Pacific Journalist's dictum, "owned half a county."

Even now, despite the vital interest of the lines he was writing, Mr. Lamb found his mind and his eyes straying towards his neighbor. The fine, small head, venerable with its scant white hair and flowing gray beard, was in relief against the wall, that threw up all its wholesome freshness and calm benevolence. Mr. Lamb found a sort of fascination in this contemplation, and divided his attention pretty equally between the gentleman and the letter.

As he folded the sheet he lifted his eyes towards the general staircase; coming down from the floor above was the woman he was addressing.

Self-possessed and easily poised, she came towards him with the old free step and the old impetuous challenge on brow and lip—a little warmer of tint, a little brighter of eye than when they parted. It was only when she had come very close to him that he noted the exceeding richness of her attire, worn with the same careless grace as the old time flannel.

"She does become fine raiment!" his thought exulted, "and yet she would not seem *endimanchée* in cloth of gold."

She paused beside his chair and looked straight into his kindling, deep blue eyes with her own unwavering gaze.

"To think I meet you here!" he said; "I was sending you a letter to El Paraiso—see! Take it—read it now! Incoherent as it is it will speak as my lips cannot."

He put the paper into her reluctant hand.

"I would better not read it, I think," she said, gently; "let me explain first—"

"Read!" he said, almost fiercely, and she read slowly down the page:

It was a year since I had heard one word of you (the letter ran, with that abrupt beginning which signifies absolute absorption) when Ledyard, writing, mentioned casually that in passing through El Paraiso he had met you there. The next day I started west again, am here, but I dare not go farther until I send in advance my explanation—not an excuse,

mind—for what seemed a cruel and cowardly retreat when we parted on yonder day. You remember the bleak and hopeless day. The fight I fought that afternoon has disabled me ever since; but also it has strengthened me. Can you understand that? No; no woman can understand what it meant to have you before me, my eyes within reach of my arms, and to leave you. To know your sordid surroundings, to hear of your privations, to see you beating your wings against your prison bars, and to know that the pleasures and luxuries I would have heaped upon you I must render in unwilling tribute to a woman I abhorred. You did not know—no one on this side knew—that I had a wife. I married her in London when I was just of age. She was an honest woman—I would have divorced her else—but her coarse and vulgar nature made my life a hell. I gave up everything to her and came over to New York. She was nestled in luxury and you were in actual want! Now you understand the temptation I battled with out yonder. I had a wild dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have rejoined a little queen in the bright and careless life I knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of *grandes dames*. I had a wild dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have rejoined a little queen in the bright and careless life I knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of *grandes dames*. I had a wild dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have rejoined a little queen in the bright and careless life I knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of *grandes dames*.

She had grown very pale. She looked up with a gasp, one hand on her heart. Before Mr. Lamb could speak, could touch her, the gray-haired man he had been watching had come to her side.

"What is it, Madelon?"

No voice of youth ever held half the tenderness of that old man's tone.

She made a brave attempt to smile in reassurance.

"It was foolish—I am a little nervous to-day, perhaps—and Mr. Lamb has given me, in this letter, all news of an old friend. I will go away and rest a little from the shock. But first let me introduce—What, Mr. Lamb? Have you already met—my husband?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

How the Bedouins Conquer Thirst.

In an article on "The Rescue of Chinese Gordon," to be found in "Open Letters" of the September Century, General R. E. Colston, late of the Egyptian General Staff, says: "In the 'Waterless Land,' water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins, like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tama, manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive guides and carriers for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither man nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: 'No, thanks; I drank yesterday.' They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish."

How Long It Would Take.

The project for filling the Desert of Sahara with water is creating a great deal of discussion among foreign, especially French, journals. Naturally the question has arisen, how long it would take to fill the whole basin of Sahara, and some startling figures are given in connection therewith. Five thousand years, it is claimed, would be required to fill up that vast sea of sand were the water to flow through a passage 100 feet wide and 25 feet deep, with the velocity of four miles an hour. Under the same conditions it would take 4,000 years for the water of the Mediterranean to fill the valley of the Jordan. With a channel 100 times greater capacity it would do the work in forty years. At the same rate it would take 400,000 years to fill the Caspian Sea to the level of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, it is only a portion of Sahara which can be made into a lake or inland sea, and doubtless there are middle-aged men to-day who will live to see this feat accomplished.—Demorest's Monthly.

"Oh, don't propose to me here!" exclaimed a young lady, whose lover was about to pour out his avowal as they were riding by a cornfield. "The very corn has ears."

In many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the whole neighborhood is taking it," etc. Particularly is this true of Lowell, Mass., where it is said that more of Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold there than of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier. It is the great remedy for debility, scrofula, dyspepsia, biliousness, or any disease caused by impure state or low condition of the blood.

DYING FOR ITS MASTER.

An old man and a young one met in an uptown museum the other day and found mutual interest in discussing a den of snakes. "If you would care to hear it," said the old man, who was old only in years, his sturdy form indicating that he was more than three-quarters of his life was behind him. "If you would care to hear it, I will tell you a story about a snake, not one of those foreign reptiles, but a home-bred rattlesnake, too common, I suppose, to find a place here."

"Tell it," said the young man. "Snake stories are always interesting." And so it came about that fifteen minutes later the two sat at a table in a quiet corner of a quiet restaurant with a bottle of Tokay, for which the place is famous, between them. The old man lifted the wine glass between his thumb and finger, watched the exquisite light playing in the red depths of the glass, and thus began:

"My name is Thomas Wilman, and I live in Philadelphia, where my son Harry is a prominent business man. Thirty-one years ago yesterday I married in Great Barrington, Mass., as pretty a girl as that village (famous for its pretty girls) ever sheltered. She had been well brought up, but had no fortune. I had \$1,500, which I had made by running a sawmill. We were young and had the world before us, and we concluded to go west. Going west in those days didn't mean, as it seems to now, going beyond the Mississippi. Going into 'York State' was going west then. I had a cousin in Cattaraugus, a little village on the Erie Railway, thirty miles east of Dunkirk, and we concluded to go there.

"It was late in August when we reached Cattaraugus. My cousin gave us a hearty welcome, and I set about looking for a spot to build. Cattaraugus is a curious sort of a place. The village is surrounded by hills, and the wonder to me is that it doesn't slide down into the wash-bowl-like valley on the side of which it is built. A little creek runs through the village, and a mile to the west finds itself in a deep narrow valley, with almost perpendicular sides, 100 feet high. This valley is called Skinner Hollow, and is one of the most picturesque spots on the Erie road. I went down into the hollow prospecting. The sides, where they were not steep, were covered with a heavy growth of first-class pine, and for miles around the hills were thick with the same timber. I saw there was money in a saw-mill right down in that hollow, and I built one on the stream, which I could see was a good-sized creek most of the year. It is one of the branches of Cattaraugus Creek, which empties into Lake Erie thirty miles west of Buffalo.

"I built my mill there and close to it a little house, so close, in fact, that the two joined. I took Katie, that is my wife, down there, and we began housekeeping. That was well in winter, and I began logging at once. I hired a gang of men to help me, raised money by contracting my lumber ahead, and started in. We cut logs on the hills close to the mill, rigged up slides, and ran them down to the log-way. I tell you it was music to me when the saw whirled into the first log and a clean-cut slab dropped away from the teeth.

"We had a little jollification. That was the first log ever cut in Skinner Hollow, and people drove ten miles to see it. Business was good, there was lots of snow, which made it easy work getting logs to the mill and drawing the lumber out to the village, besides giving me all the water I wanted. In fact water was running over the tail of my flume every hour from the time I turned it into the race until the middle of July. Then a dry spell came on, and I had to shut down for two or three hours every day to let my race fill up.

"But I didn't mind that. I had had a tip-top season and had made money. I had logs enough at my door to keep me busy for a year, and I knew where there were plenty more when they ran out. And, besides, I had two to look after instead of one. You wouldn't think if you'd see Harry, with all his refined ways and education, that the first music he ever heard was a saw tearing through a pine knot. But it's so. He was a pioneer's son and knocked around a sawmill till he was in his teens. Well, when business was slow I worked around the house, fixing up things here and there for Katie, so as to make her more comfortable. She couldn't have been more contented. She used to think that saw-mill was just about the pleasantest place in the country. Hour after hour she'd stay out there with me, and we'd keep up the conversation while the log was running back and stop when it went up to the saw. Dear me! Dear me! Why, I can see her as she used to look in those days in that little saw mill just as plainly as if I stood there with her to-day. She used to jump on the log and ride up pretty close to the saw, and then, just as I would get scared and jump to drag her away, off she'd go. Nobody was ever happier than we were, and we have never been as happy since, though we've been pretty happy, and are yet."

The yellow sunlight flickered into the room where the two sat, and the wine looked like blood as the dancing rays shone through it. The old man was lost in happy reverie, and the young man ventured to remind him that there was a snake story promised.

"True," said the old man, starting; "I'm just coming to that. I lost myself thinking of those old days. There were snakes then, and we had killed them. Rattles used to come out on the ledges of the rocks and lie in the hot sun. One or two came around the mill, and I had shot one in our door yard. But we thought nothing of that. People living in the woods or in wild places get used to things that would fill them with horror in a settled country. We expected to find snakes, and as long as they kept their distance or gave us a chance to shoot them when they got too near we didn't mind them."

"As I told you, I fixed up things around the house during the slack time. One of the bits of furniture I knocked together was a bedstead. It was more like a broad lounge than a bedstead, for it had neither a head or foot-board. One end was raised a little like a couch, and that was the head. We had some bearskins and blankets to sleep on, and more blankets to cover us. It was a big improvement

on the floor, where we had been sleeping, and after a day's hard work handling logs I used to think it about as comfortable a spot as I knew.

"Well, it got along into the fall and we began to have chilly nights. The equinoctial gave us a big rain, and for a fortnight I had all the water I could use. Then it got dry again. One afternoon, after several days of threatening weather, it began to rain. Hour after hour the rain came down till about 9 o'clock in the evening, when it suddenly cleared off and turned cold. It was late in October, and we kept a fire burning on the hearth nights, more for the baby's sake than for our own. Our bed was parallel with the fireplace, and stood out near the middle of the room. We had an English shepherd dog named Leo, which we took with us from Massachusetts. He was a black-and-white beauty, and my wife, who had raised him, thought about as much of him as she did of the baby or me—at least, I used to tell her so. The dog was fond of me, and I made a great pet of him. He was a noble fellow, and all he wanted was for me to whistle just once and he'd come. We let him sleep in the room at the foot of the bed. Sometimes in the morning I'd wake up before my wife, and I'd whistle just once to the dog. Up he'd come over the foot of the bed and wake Katie by licking her face.

"That night we were just going to bed when it turned cold. I threw an extra pine knot on the fire and went to the door and looked out. I shall never forget that look, for it was the last time I ever stood there and saw stars above Skinner Hollow. I closed the door and went to bed and soon fell asleep. I slept on the side of the bed nearest the hearth, my wife slept on the farther side, and the baby lay between us. For some reason I didn't sleep long, and when I waked up I couldn't go to sleep again. Finally I got out of bed and threw another knot on the fire. Leo was stretched out on the floor with his nose between his paws. He eyed me sleepily as I walked around the room, and gave me a loving look as I stooped down and patted his head. I went back to bed and fell into an uneasy sleep. All at once I awakened with a start. It must have been past midnight. I seemed to be fully awake the moment I opened my eyes, and such a sight as they rested on God grant they may never see again. I was lying on my left side, facing my wife, who was lying on her right side. The baby lay on its back between us. As I opened my eyes a dark object glided down from off the baby, and just then the knot burst into flames and flooded the room with light. A rattlesnake, fully five feet long, had slipped down from between my wife and myself, where it had been stretched out presumably to get warm, and startled, no doubt, by some movement I had made in waking, had thrown itself into a coil on the bed at the baby's feet and just opposite my knee.

"Somebody asks if life is worth living. I think it is as a general thing, but if life had many such moments as that I should say emphatically that death was preferable. For a moment I lost my head. I did not move, fortunately, but I seemed to drift entirely out of all consciousness. For a moment only this lasted. Then my senses came back to me and I felt that from the reaction I would probably tremble from head to foot. How I ever managed to keep my body rigid I don't know, but by an awful effort I did. I knew that to stir was death, perhaps for myself, perhaps for my boy, perhaps—my God, the thought was agony—for my wife. Outside I could hear the eaves dripping from the rain, and I could detect the sound of water running to waste over the flume. To-morrow, I thought, I'll have plenty of water again. To-morrow! Would I ever see to-morrow again? And if I did would I not meet it alone? In spite of all I could do a shudder ran through my body.

"The snake felt it and raised its head. I could see its eyes glisten and dance in the firelight, and the bright rays glanced over the undulating coils. I could see that the snake was irritated, and I knew that it was liable to spring at any moment. Who would it strike? Either of us was within easy distance. It seemed to me that I could see the beginning of the muscular contraction which would precede the spring.

"All this of course, passed in a fraction of the time I have occupied in telling it. My wife and the boy had slept on. I prayed that they might not move, for if they did I felt the snake would throw itself forward. I moved my hand slightly. The snake's head again rose, and for the first time it sounded its rattle. Instantly my wife opened her eyes, and some way they rested on the snake. I could see that every vestige of color had left her face, but she did not move a muscle. Then her eyes slowly left the snake and came up to mine.

"Looking back over the nearly thirty years which have elapsed since then I can see the look in her eyes yet. We had sometimes talked about meeting death together. Now it lay between us and in more horrible form than we had ever dreamed of. Yet the look of perfect confidence in me, which my wife's eyes all most spoke, was something a man does not see more than once in a lifetime. That look seemed to say, for baby's sake, and like a flash I became calm as I am at this moment. I could not speak, but my wife understood that she must keep perfectly quiet and jump, when the time came. Slowly and with infinite care I raised my head till I could look down the bed to the floor. My wife's eyes followed mine, and we both saw the dog. The hideous head of the snake swayed to and fro, and I knew what was to be done must be done quickly. I looked at my wife and she realized my pain. Her eyes filled with tears but gave consent. With a prayer for help I moistened my lips and gave one short, sharp whistle. The snake, I think, didn't know what to make of it, but the dog, Leo, did. As quick as thought almost he sprang to his feet and bounded on to the bed. To this day I have never been able to understand why the snake didn't strike when the dog moved, but it did not. As the dog's body rose in the air, my wife caught hold of the baby's garments and rolled out of

bed. I rolled out on my side, grasped my rifle, which stood at the head of the bed, and turned. The dog and the snake were rolling together on the bed. I fired, and the reptile was past doing any harm. The dog staggered off the bed to the floor, shivered, moaned once or twice, looked from wife to myself with twice love than I ever saw before or since in any animal's eyes, and died.

"At daybreak the next morning we buried the dog and started for the village. I sold my mill and house to a man who was visiting my cousin, and before sunset we were on our way to Massachusetts. I built another mill in the east and we prospered and grew rich. Other children came to make our home happy, and there are grandchildren now. But I enjoy my old life and enjoy it now. But I tell you a young man, that if poverty stood on a low and even a glimpse of Skinner Hollow on the other, we would take poverty cheerfully and think we had made a good bargain."

The Baroness Counts.

I visited the Lyceum Theatre (Irving) the other night and saw some notable people there. Miss Terry's sister, Mrs. Lewis, occupied one box the little I saw of, which the actress' two little children shared with her. The elder of these is a little girl of about 14, who does not look in the least like a Terry. She is a brunette, with a serious, pensive face, while the boy is the very image of his mother. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts owns and occupied the next box, which is a very large one. Her young husband, always with her, is a fine, manly fellow, apparently not over 32 or 33, while she, the richest woman in England, is surely not far this side of 50. She is a little meek-faced creature, utterly without style or distinction in either appearance or manner—and she dresses! I have been trying to think of some one in America whom she resembles, but I can't. At all events she is small, slight, and very round-shouldered, quite the carriage of an enfeebled old lady. Her hair is of a muddy brown, and is parted in the middle, and either plaited smoothly down over the temple or in state occasions slightly inflated on either side, giving her the appearance of being about to lose her blinders. She has small, light blue eyes, a straight nose, an unpleasant face, and the farthest from the world from a severe one. It is enough to see how she would grow to be very dependent on the person who happened to be much with her if sympathetic to her.

She wore a pale blue silk gown that evening that I saw her, and over it festooned a black Chantilly lace overdress, or something of that sort; at all events it was all awry, and the garters intended for the middle of the back were around on the side in a bunch; while the festoon arranged for the side was dangling in front. This failure to understand each other, so evident between gown and overdress, did not contribute to the dignity and elegance of the distinguished wearer. Neither did her hair decoration have that effect. In fact, I wish English matrons would either eschew their wretched little topknots entirely, which you may say that they are not likely to do for my asking, or if they would find some way of fastening them so they will stay put. Nothing can be more absurd than a row of dignified old dowagers each with her unsightly headgear nodding and waving with every slightest motion, and any one who has ever seen a cage of weary old cockatoos will instantly see the resemblance.—New York Mail and Express.

A Gambler's Superstitions.

A friend of mine, who years ago used to travel up and down the Mississippi river, told me this evening: "I have watched gambling on the Mississippi river steamboats night after night, and I have had pretty fair chance of observing some of the superstitions of the old-time gamblers. For instance they do not believe that there is any great luck in any of the precious signs excepting diamonds. If you have noticed the professional gambler, even on these days, you will see that he usually wears no other ornament except diamonds. I don't believe that you could hire a gambler to wear a sunopal. Opals of all kinds are supposed to bring bad luck, but a sunopal, in a gambler's estimation, brings the worst luck of all. I have yet to see a gambler with nerve enough to sit down to a game wearing a sunopal. Another thing, your professional gambler will never allow you to touch his chair while he is playing. In old times, when the stakes were high on the river boats, many a bloody quarrel has grown out of an infraction of this unwritten law. Usually a gambler will at once leave the game, and if he returns he will not play for large stakes. Now I will give you one more which, perhaps, is the most universal rule among gamblers, even to this day. At midnight, the 'old-timer' will arise from the board and partake of a light lunch, and perhaps a little wine. When he resumes his seat you will observe that he has changed his habit. That is an unwritten rule. To sit through a game with the same hat on is the gambler's maxims is considered a less foolish than giving his money away. Do all the gamblers of to-day keep up the same superstitions? Some of them do, but they have no need to. There are very few games nowadays where a man is not certain to lose all he has if the gambler only wishes to take it. Within the past fifteen years I have not seen a game where cheating, more or less adroit, was not indulged in to trap the unwary."

After Three Years.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read with interest the items appearing in your paper from time to time, setting forth the merits of Hart's Iron Tonic, and desire to add a word to your account. For three years I was a constant sufferer from Dyspepsia and disorders arising from diseased and impure blood; had tried many remedies and several noted physicians without relief. A friend induced me to try Hart's Iron Tonic, when to my utter surprise three bottles completely cured me.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."

TO THE BEACH.

re a telegram sent by "Harry."
It talks me to the beach.
The eloquent lines before me
Platter, and urge and beseech.

To the beach—with its bright buoyant breakers,
With its stretch of smooth, marble-like sands,
With its murmur and rustle of romance
That the heart hears and quick understands!

To the beach—where the fluctuant waters
Tumble in to the beat of our hearts,
Where the tender-keyed music of ocean
Shall seem of our being a part!

To the beach—where we'll gather the seaweed
And sit on the sand in the sun,
Beneath the red parasol shaded,
And the glory of daylight is done!

To the beach—where we'll watch or the heaving
And tremulous breast of the sea,
The moon as she rises in beauty,
And light up my Harry and me.

To the beach—oh, the note is suggestive
Of dinner and Pomme d'artichaut,
But the first name is all that he's signed here,
And I don't know which Harry it is.

—Puck.

Teaching the Calf to Drink.

The humor of the following, from the *Michigan Farmer's Gazette*, will be more apparent to those who have never made the attempt, than to those who know how it is themselves:

"Those who have had the mournful experience know that there is nothing more trying to the temper than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk, go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner, and bestirre his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail he empties his time in slobbering the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about, and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way, and let him have it. But the calf can tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected 'flounce.' He believes he will stand firm on the other side of the stable. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs, one on each side of the critter, keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair, and imprecations out of your mouth, and you solemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in a stupid fright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are striding the calf's neck, and jamming the fingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drunk a drop, suddenly makes a spurge, knocks the pail over: you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, 'slobbered' on, and hurt. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat, and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with another free ride wherever you want to go. With an affidavit you seize the empty pail, and hobble out of the pen, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve; and thus ends the first lesson."

The Story of a Coat.

I was strolling along carelessly in Chestnut Street when a man rushed out of a door, with a Sam'l of Posen face, and seized me in his arms. "Great Caesar!" said I. He started to carry me into his store. Is it possible, thought I, that he has mistaken me for his clothing store dummy, and is taking me in out of the wet. Before I knew where I was, he had dragged me into his lair, where there were two more men, who looked so much like him that the three might have been mistaken for twins. I thought of Daniel in the lion's den. I was representing Daniel in the tableau. Like Daniel I was taken for a profit.

Did you ever notice those Davenport brothers of spiritualistic fame, got their coats off and on in two turns and their motion? Well, that's the way, only faster, that my old coat came off and a new one went on.

"Oh, ain't he cunning?" said one of them, referring to my improved appearance.

"Don't you want to pay dat goat for serving tellars?"

I really didn't need any coat, but on examining it I found the cloth was the finest I had ever seen. It was really a \$30 coat. I examined the coat more. The garment was of the very best cloth. Then I asked myself: Is it right for me to take advantage of the mistake of these unfortunate Israelites, who are strangers in a strange land? Maybe they are just starting out in business, and perhaps they have families dependent upon them for support. On the other hand, business is business. It is for them to look out for their own interests. If they see proper to tell me a \$30 coat for \$7, why should I presume to dictate to perfect strangers about their business affairs? I reluctantly consented to buy the garment. I handed out \$7, which they accepted without any hesitation, which surprised me, as I expected them to back out. I backed out as soon as they wrapped up my purchase. It was so kind in them to wrap up the coat for me considering how little money they got for it. When I got into the street with the bundle under my arm

I felt as if I had stolen it. My conscience troubled me so that I took the bundle back to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and told them that there must be some mistake about that coat. They became very indignant, and not only refused to take it back, but actually pushed me out into the street with as much cordiality as they had formerly shown in pulling me in.

I hurried home with my precious bargain, which the partner of my joys unwrapped.

"Is this the coat you paid \$7 for?" asked my wife, holding up a wretched shoddy garment I had never seen before or behind either.

"No, no," I stammered; "that's not the coat. The Jew has wrapped up the wrong coat by mistake."

"Well, then, take it back to them, and tell them that they have made a mistake, and get your money back."

I did take the bundle back to them, but they said there was no mistake. They would not listen to me. The children indulged in unseemly levity. The coat has since been cut up for fish rags.

A few days after my Chatham experience I met Sykes. He has lived in New York all his life, and knows everything about the city. He said: "I know those identical Israelites. Lord, how they hate me. I can pass there a thousand times a day, and they will never try to sell me a coat for \$7. They tried once, and I got away with the coat. You see I knew all about that trick of wrapping up the wrong coat. They fitted me with a coat that was really worth \$30, the finest kind of a coat, and then after I had tried it on, and found it fitted, they wanted me to take it off. I refused to co-operate. I would not let them take the coat off. Abraham tried to pull it off, and I hit him a fearful whack on the nose. I nearly knocked it off. It is crooked yet. Then Jacob ran to the door and called, 'Bolice! Bolice!' A policeman came running with his tongue hanging out. I happened to know him. His name is Mike Sullivan. He is a whole-souled Irishman. We belong to the same lodge. He clubbed Abraham and Isaac all over the store, while I got Jacob across a dry goods box and paddled him good with a piece of the cover.

"Policeman Sullivan ran all three Israelites in, and Judge Donohue, another chum of mine, a whole-souled, noble Irishman by the way—you ought to know him, I'll introduce you some day—he fined Abraham, whose nose I dislocated, \$10, and Isaac, whom Sullivan clubbed, \$20, and Jacob, whom I paddled with the piece of the shoe box, was locked up for ten days, for resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty. And I got away with the \$30 coat, and the best of it was, that I didn't pay the \$7, so I got the \$30 coat for nothing." "Whenever I pass their store," continued Sykes, "and any of them are standing in the door, I shake my hand, and say: 'Abraham, don't you want to pay a goat for serving dollars?'—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. Peak's Wonderful Luck, Fishing.

The Peak family bell ringers were making a tour of the upper peninsula that summer, and during their stay in Marquette occupied rooms at the Tremont, which was then the leading hotel. The old gentleman and proprietor, William D. Peak, was very fond of fishing, and soon after his arrival inquiries were made for a good trout stream, where he could satisfy his piscatorial proclivities and at the same time treat the members of his household to a rare dish. One of the party, whose name we have forgotten, took it into his head to have a little sport with the old gentleman, and with that end in view, procured the assistance of an able accomplice in the person of the hotel clerk, who was also fond of a joke. The porter and bell boy were dispatched to the nearest trout stream with instructions to bring in a pail full of live trout. In those days it was not much of a trick to catch a pail full of the fish, and the boys were not out long before a large number were brought in alive and swimming about in a pail of water. A large wash tub was then filled with water and placed under the wash room just far enough down stream to be hidden from view. The live trout were put into the tub and the porter took up his position alongside of it. When all had been arranged to the satisfaction of the jokers, and several others of the troupe let into the scheme, Mr. Peak was informed by the hotel clerk that if he was anxious for a mess of fish he might try his luck in the little brook under the house for a time, adding the trout were quite frequently captured by standing to one side of the trap door and casting into the water and allowing the hook to float down stream a short distance. At first the old gentleman inclined to regard the matter as an absurdity, but being prevailed upon by the troupe—who had congregated to see the sport—to try it just once for luck, he brought out his fishing rod, and, stealing noiselessly up to the open trap, so as not to alarm the fish, dropped in his well-baited hook; then, following the injunction of the clerk, he allowed the current of the stream to carry it towards the tub, and in less than a jiffy, Mr. Peak had the satisfaction of landing a fine brook trout. Here the sport began in good earnest. In went the hook, and out came another lively speckled trout. A pail of water was brought and as fast as he could pull them out they were put into it. When he had caught about four dozen or so, and it was thought that the tub and the porter would slip a few through a crack in the floor into the tub, and on went the sport, to the delight of all present. No one offered to "spoil" the old man, and he didn't appear to offer his rod to anyone—fact was, the old gentleman had struck it rich, and was having too much sport himself to give it up, and so he kept right on fishing. Every time the hook came with in reach of the porter a trout would be hooked onto it. Just before supper time the pail of fish was carried into the kitchen to be cooked, but a lot of dead ones had been prepared for the occasion, and the live ones found their way back into the washbub. After "working" the old bell ringer all the afternoon, the final result was a grand brook trout and champagne supper at his expense.—*Marquette Mining Journal*.

A FAR-SIGHTED OFFICER.—Bank President "My dear, I suppose you know that I am not only the President of the bank, but the owner of most of the stock."

Daughter.—"Yes, pa."

"And if I am not mistaken you are becoming rather fond of Mr. Lightfinger, my cashier?"

"Yes, pa. I confess it is true. But how do you know?"

"I have eyes. But why have you tried so hard to conceal this from me?"

"Oh, pa, please forgive me; but I knew that you'd object to my marriage with a poor man, and, dreading your terrible anger, I have tried my best to conquer my feelings. Indeed, indeed I have!"

"Conquer them! Great St. Ballion! I want you to marry him as soon as possible!"

"Oh, you dear, darling old pa! But what has wrought this strange metamorphosis?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought it would be just as well to keep all the bank funds in the family."

HE TOOK PLAIN WATER.—At a Texas hotel recently a native took a seat at the table, and the proprietor, who was also the waiter, stepped up to take his order.

"What will you take, stranger?" he inquired.

"Gimme a hunk of beef, some potatoes, a bit of boiled cabbage, a section of pie, and a glass of feed tea," replied the guest.

"What's the last thing you asked for?" said the startled landlord.

"A glass of feed tea."

VARIETIES.

HOW THEY BORE THEIR LOSSES.—There is a story of a Scotch deacon whose earnest commendations of his minister induced a neighboring congregation to offer him their pulpit. When once installed, the vaunted preacher proved a sad disappointment.

"How could you crack him up so much?" asked the aggrieved parishioners of the fastidious deacon.

"O," was the dry reply; "you'll be ready enough to crack him up if you see a chance of getting rid of him."

We think it is Wrasxall who tell an even worse story about resignation to the losses occasioned by death. At a wine party of young men at one of the colleges, notes of apology were handed in from two of the proposed guests, who were unable to attend, owing to the death of their father. A young gentleman, heir to considerable property, who had been partaking freely of the hospitalities of the festive board, suddenly burst into tears.

"Was this dear old gentleman a friend of yours?" asked the sympathetic host.

"No, no; it's not that," sobbed the guest; "only—I was just thinking—everybody's father dies but mine."

There are losses which people suffer unconsciously, like that sustained by the geologist who hired a Scotch gillie to carry his bag of specimens across the mountains.

"It was a heavy load, and just nothing but stones," said Donald, relating his experience to a friend, "and I was not fool enough to drag the pebbles a guld ten miles. I just emptied the bag before I started, and filled it at the cairn I last came to, and the gentleman was just as well pleased."

The unlucky geologist was doubtless puzzled by the contents of the bag when he came to examine it later.

SOMETHING PERHAPS HE WOULD EAT.—Heard a good story on a West End minister one day last week. He is a vegetarian of the strictest order, and in the course of his pastoral career he was invited out to a Sunday dinner by one of the sisters of the flock, whose name for the nonce shall be Smith. Old man Smith didn't go to church that morning. His wife told him to expect her to bring some company to dine, and he, with the aid of the cook, laid the foundation for a superb repast. Mrs. Smith came home, but all the company she brought was the minister. They were seated at the table when this sort of conversation ensued:

"Mr. Jones," meaning the minister, "what part of the chicken do you like best?"

"Really, Mr. Smith, I don't care about any chicken."

"Well, here is some extra fine roast beef; try some of this."

"Excuse me, Mr. Smith, I will forego the beef."

"I have some tender lamb here—how will that suit?"

"I never eat lamb."

"Well, now, I know you can't refuse this boiled ham."

"Pardon me, but ham I never touch."

"During all this time, Smith's father, an old, gray-haired stranger, had been seated near him watching operations, and standing it as long as he could, squeaked out in a pining voice:

"John, maybe the fool will suck an egg."

The enjoyment of that dinner was spoiled.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Chaff.

A hub-bub.—The Boston urchin.

The mildest mannered men in the world show their teeth to the dentist.

After all the bean-pole is more useful to the country than the North Pole.

What is the hardest thing a man can do?—Tend somebody else's baby."

It is about time for somebody to remark that hay fever is sneezing time to catch.

An improved business outlook is noticed after the close windows have been washed.

The best summer resort for babies—Rockaway. The best for bad boys—Long Branch.

Patience—"Doctor, what do you do when you have a cold in the head?" Doctor—"Well, madam, I sneeze most of the time."

Old Lady—"How things have changed! When I was young it was 'spend as you go.' But now bank people spend before they go."

"Annex Canada!" cried the bank cashier. "Heavens, no! I hope not. It would just take away all chances of success in my profession."

"I shall give you ten days or ten shillings," said the English magistrate. "All right," exclaimed the prisoner. "I'll take the ten shillings."

"Sam, I have lost my watch overboard. It lies here in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it?" "Yes," said Sam, "there are divers' ways."

"The difference," said the cook, "between a child of a royal birth and a young lamb, is that the first is 'tended in splendor and the other is splendid in tenders'."

A Louisville paper heads an article "An Editor in Church." Louisville papers spare no pains to expose the faults of the ministers of the various denominations.

A forest fire in British Columbia exploded a powder mill. Every pane of glass in a village near by was broken, and everybody exclaimed: "Why, have the schools opened again!"

"I admit," said the young lawyer, "that I am a very good man; but then, how come I expect it of me? I expect practice that makes perfect, you know; and that I haven't got."

Scene Stages—"Hullo, Bob! The coach is full. Guess we had to strap you behind."

"No, you don't. I had enough of that when I was a boy."

The successful race horse always wins by four feet, yet he never wins but only two feet ahead, and yet if it wasn't for feet he would forfeit the race.

"What is your occupation, Bub?" asked the visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I am running for Congress," he replied.

It is announced that Spanish dances are coming into fashion. Young Sprucey, whose girl's father made him "walk Spanish" the other night, says that step is too sudden and forced to become popular.

Young Mamma—"Maria, run upstairs quickly; the baby is crying." Maria—"Oh, no, mum; I left him fast asleep just this minute." Young Mamma—"But I am sure I hear him." Maria—"That's only the fog-horn, mum."

No Irishman ever uttered a better bull than did an honest John, who, being asked for a friend: "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" replied: "Upon my word I don't know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

"What do you want to set such a tough challenge before me?" indignantly exclaimed a fair dame in a restaurant the other day. "After beauty, always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite attendant.

More than half a century ago a good New Hampshire deacon by the name of Day, living not far from the White Mountains, had seven children—six daughters and one son. They were known as his six weeks' days and one son Day.

"I suppose," he remarked, as he returned from the barber shop with his hair cropped closely to his head, "you will call attention now to the size of my ears." "Oh, no," she replied sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear."

A Parisian doctor prescribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout: "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the forest; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."

C. Bill Short, of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Visitation, not feeling well on the occasion of his recent visit to Austin, called on a prominent physician, who asked him the first thing: "Have you got an appetite?" "Well, that depends on what you have got in the house. Have you got any pig?"

The wages of a gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents per day. Instead of striking they cut an inch off their shoel blades and went to work as usual. All got sick, and some of the men replied: "Not so much pain; not so much dirt; all right, job last the more long; Italian no fool; he no strike."

"Looky h'ar, yer flannel-jawed dude of the cattle-pens, yer got that feed-tea racket from some of the cussed old New York traveling men, and I ain't a goin' to stan' no such shams from a gaudy up yer shape. You'll drink river water or I'll lick the stuffin' clean outen yer. Feed tea! Well, I'll be d—!"

He took away.—*Texas Siftings*.

AN ITEM FOR THE FAIRS.—An Eastern paper says:

"America beats the world on anything, no matter what. Have a lot of old chunks hauled on the highway, have a mail and wedges ready, and offer a fair price to have those chunks hauled to pieces, and not one you will find who will take you up at your proposition. But fix up some sort of a jumping apparatus and then propose to charge a man a nickel for two blows with a heavy mail, and these free-born American citizens will pound away all day and pay their money besides. The next morning, when their wives or mothers want them to chop some kindling wood they are too tired. Last Tuesday's exhibition on our streets verified the above statement."

HIS INVESTMENT IMPERILED.—"Why don't you go to work?" a gentleman asked a very ragged tramp.

"I am anxious and willing to work," replied the bum, "but what's the use of it until they settle the tariff question?"

"What has the tariff to do with it?"

"A great deal. Suppose I went to work and accumulated a small capital by industry and economy?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's natural I'd want to go in business for myself—manufacturing, probably; but I'd be afraid to put my money into anything until the tariff is settled. It certainly is a great hindrance and drawback, but my safest policy is to wait."

NOT TOO PROUD.—A gentleman who owns a tract of cedar land not far from Austin, Tex., a few days ago told that some negroes were cutting down the timber, so he rode out to see about it. To his astonishment he found a wealthy white neighbor, with a team and wagon, hauling off the timber.

"Why, I am astonished, Colonel," said the owner of the land. "I heard that a lot of negroes were stealing my timber. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, to tell the truth," responded the other party, "I do hate to steal the timber jake darcy, but these cedar trees make such bulky fence rails that I concluded to drop all pride of race."—*Texas Siftings*.

Baffled.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly every one in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, some times with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 468 Tremont Street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Peppercane. The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

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(Continued from first page.)

a reduction of the number of fields to five, and a less number will not give so good a rotation.

The discussion following this presentation of the subject followed more or less the leading thought of the farmer, and various plans were discussed, according to the opinion of the members. All concurred in the opinion that iron in some of its forms must become a prominent factor in the future. The iron post was considered the most economical, and was considered the best to use in a general way. It must be sold cheaper to sell readily. Barbed wire was getting down to reasonable rates. Dealers all claimed that their wire would run a pound to the rod, but it was heavier than that. Seven rods would weigh eight pounds. For a horse and cattle fence three wires with posts fifty feet apart, were considered sufficient; for sheep five wires, and for hogs seven, with posts nearer together. Some of the posts, however, might be 2 1/2, with wires stapled on to keep them from spreading. The wire and picket fence had advocates and detractors. The objection was to the liability of breaking and sagging out of shape. Mr. J. J. Woodman still thought where good ash rails could be bought for \$25 per thousand, and six to eight miles from the farm, so that two trips a day could be made in winter, that they were the cheapest materials for a farm fence. Such a fence, well put up, would last twenty years with little repairs. He had rails from a fence on his farm that were split 43 years ago.

The select reading by Mrs. Consalus upon "Man's Way and Woman's Way," gave the two pictures of the life of a woman. In the former a plenty of help was considered necessary so that no one was unduly burdened with labor. Excepting the feeder every man could stop work a moment or be absent for a short period, and the work would still go on. But in the house it was different, there was no let up, and no extra force put on for extra labor.

The discussion following was animated and interesting. Mrs. D. Woodman, Mrs. Welch, and Mrs. Randolph leading in the debate. The essay by Mrs. C. Gould on "A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush," (which will appear in the Household next week), brought out varied interpretations according to the various moods of the speakers.

The select reading and essay were listened to on the lawn in the shade of the house, chairs being brought from the parlor to accommodate the party. The contrast from the heated rooms to this delicious shade and invigorating atmosphere seemed to exhilarate the spirits of all present, and long after the adjournment the members lingered about the grounds, loth to leave so pleasant an occasion.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry and Farming," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. "Veterinary Department" will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the publisher. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and kind of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

Chronic Bronchitis.

ADRIAN, August 30th, 1884.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a gelding about twelve years old. He has been troubled the past two or three years with a cough, sometimes violent, and accompanied by a discharge of mucus and rattling in his head and throat; then he would grow better and for a few weeks seem almost entirely well. During the last month he has grown worse; the coughing is more constant and the discharge more profuse. He does not eat well, at times refusing food entirely. He seems to be losing all his life and vigor. Life is at high tide, nervous horse, and a good driver. What ail him, and what can I do for him?

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—We are inclined to believe the trouble with your horse is chronic bronchitis, and in an incurable stage. Some benefit may be derived from the use of proper palliatives, and that is all we can do in such a case of long standing. Give the following: Gum ammoniac, two drachms; powdered squilla, one drachm; powdered Scutellaria aloes, one drachm. Mix with a syrup to a paste and smear on the tongue at night. Apply to the throat the following: Tincture cantharides, one ounce; croton oil, ten drops. Mix and shake well before using; apply to the throat all the way down. If it does not blister make a second application in twenty-four hours. Dress the following day with lard; wash occasionally with castile soap and water, and when dry apply a little vaseline.

Probably Healed.

MANTON, Mich., Aug. 28, 1884.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Two months ago I purchased a very nice mare coming five years old, and after getting her home, I noticed that she coughed some, and I think her wind is a little tick; the man of whom I purchased her says she has the distemper, which is in fine condition and otherwise healthy. As there is no veterinarian in this vicinity, I have done nothing for her. Do you think she is likely to have the heaves?

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Chronic cough in a mare or horse does not necessarily constitute heaves, unless accompanied by that peculiar cough or bellows action of the flanks. It is quite possible that the mare has the heaves wholly or partially developed which condition we cannot determine from your description of the symptoms. If heaves exist, a good test is to give a little clover hay to eat at night. There is no cure for the disease. Palliative treatment, give the following: Bromide of potash, one ounce; calomel and muric acid of ammonia, of each half an ounce. Mix together, and divide into twelve parts; give one every night in the feed. Give good wheat or oat straw instead of hay, and feed no corn while taking the medicine.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Sept. 9, 1884.

Wheat.—Receipts for the past week, 8,631 bushels, against 1,625 the previous week, and 3,885 bushels for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 3,775 bushels. There has been a little more movement of wheat, but the market is weak and depressed. Receipts are light, and it is well they are, as any considerable supply would break down the market. Questions yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice, \$4.00
Michigan white wheat, roller process, 4.00
Michigan white wheat, patents, 5.00
Minnesota, patents, 5.00
Minnesota, patents, 5.00
Rye.—Yesterday was a bad day for owners of wheat. The market steadily declined from the opening until 1:30, and 2:30, when the closing prices of Saturday. In cash wheat quotations closed at the following rate: No. 1 white, 60c

No. 2 do, 54c; No. 3 do, 51c; No. 4 do, 47c. In future closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, September, 79c; October, 81c; No. 2 red, September, 81c; October, 82c.

Corn.—Market unsettled; No. 2 sold yesterday at 54c; No. 3, and rejected at 53c, and new mixed at 53c.

Oats.—Steady; No. 2 white are worth 30c; No. 3 do, 28c; No. 4 do, 26c, and No. 5 mixed 25c.

Barley.—None coming in. Fair State samples could be placed at \$1.45 to \$1.35 per bushel, according to condition and weight.

Feed.—Very little moving. Bran is quoted at \$12.00 to \$12.25; coarse middlings, \$13.00; fine do, \$15.00 to \$16.00; corn meal quoted at \$22.00 for coarse and \$26.00 for fine.

Butter.—A little better feeling prevails on good table butter, and 18c to 19c is paid for stock of that description. Creamery is firm at 23c to 24c. Ordinary stock is dull at 14c to 16c per lb.

Cheese.—Market steady but quiet. Receipts are quite large. Full cream State ranges at 50c to 10c to 10c; part skims are selling at 50c to 10c; full cream at 10c to 10c, and New York at 10c to 10c.

Eggs.—Market quiet and steady at 15c per dozen.

Dried Apples.—Dried apples are dull at 5c to 5c; No. 1 do, for new fruit.

Honey.—Market dull at 14c to 15c per lb., the latter price for fine white comb.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 30c to 35c in stock, and 25c to 30c from first hands.

Salmon.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$2.50 per barrel for Southern.

Potatoes.—Very few being received, and the market is unsettled. By the carload 35c to 40c per bushel would be the most that could be realized. Farmers get those prices from teams.

Hops.—Nothing doing. Old New York, choice, are quoted at 30c to 35c. No sales of new are yet reported.

Small Fruits.—Blackberries, dull at \$4 per barrel. Whortleberries in good supply at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per bushel. Grapes in light supply; Concord, 8c; Delaware, 8c; other varieties, 4c to 5c.

Melons.—Stocks are about exhausted, but a few watermelons have been in market \$1.00 to \$1.50 for choice stock. Nutmegs are quiet at \$6 per barrel; offerings are light and fine melons would sell readily.

Clover Seed.—Very little coming in as yet; spot would bring \$5 per bushel; for November delivery \$4.50 was bid yesterday.

Apples.—There is a dull market, and prices range from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per bushel, according to quality.

Pears.—Market overstocked; best stock commands \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bushel, while common varieties sell at \$1.50 per bushel.

Peaches.—Receipts light and of miserable quality. The market is dull at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per half bushel basket.

Plums.—Blue Damsons, egg, and like varieties command about \$2.75 to \$3.00 per bushel, and are in good supply, the finer fruit is not as plenty but sells readily at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per bushel.

Tomatoes.—Good stock commands 40c to 45c per bushel. The market is overstocked.

Cabbage.—Quoted at \$2.50 to \$3.00 per 100.

Poultry.—Receipts light; a few chickens are being offered at 11c to 12c per lb., or 40c to 50c per pair; old fowls, 9c to 10c per lb.

Provisions.—Barreled pork and lard are steady and unchanged; smoked meats a shade lower, as is also dried beef; meat beef is steady at former prices. The market generally is as follows:

Beef, per lb., 18c to 18c
Lard, per lb., 17c to 17c
Pork, per lb., 17c to 17c
Butter, per lb., 23c to 24c
Cheese, per lb., 50c to 50c
Eggs, per dozen, 15c to 15c
Dried Apples, per bushel, 5c to 5c
Honey, per lb., 14c to 15c
Beeswax, per lb., 30c to 35c
Salmon, per barrel, \$2.50 to \$2.50
Potatoes, per bushel, \$1.25 to \$1.75
Hops, per bushel, 30c to 35c
Small Fruits, per bushel, \$4.00 to \$4.00
Melons, per bushel, \$1.00 to \$1.50
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At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Sept. 6, 1884.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle	Sheep	Pigs
Albion	29	31
Armada	29	31
Brighton	44	30
Boling	36	30
Chelsea	36	30
Darlington	36	30
D. & M. R.	47	42
Dexter	47	42
Good Hope	18	35
Holly	18	35
Highland	18	35
Highland	18	35
Jackson	29	30
Marshall	29	30
Mason	143	48
Millington	29	30
Northville	128	48
Oxford	13	74
Plymouth	33	38
Rochester	11	166
Selling	13	174
Tekonsha	69	66
Webberville	16	67
Williamston	36	35
Wixom	2	70
Ypsilanti	24	20
Drove in	22	22
Total	414	5,530

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Darlington	36	30
D. & M. R.	47	42
Dexter	47	42
Good Hope	18	35
Holly	18	35
Highland	18	35
Highland	18	35
Jackson	29	30
Marshall	29	30
Mason	143	48
Millington	29	30
Northville	128	48
Oxford	13	74
Plymouth	33	38
Rochester	11	166
Selling	13	174
Tekonsha	69	66
Webberville	16	67
Williamston	36	35
Wixom	2	70
Ypsilanti	24	20
Drove in	22	22
Total	414	5,530

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Sept. 6, 1884.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle	Sheep	Pigs
Albion	29	31
Armada	29	31
Brighton	44	30
Boling	36	30
Chelsea	36	30
Darlington	36	30
D. & M. R.	47	42
Dexter	47	42
Good Hope	18	35
Holly	18	35
Highland	18	35
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Jackson	29	30
Marshall	29	30
Mason	143	48
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Northville	128	48
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